



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



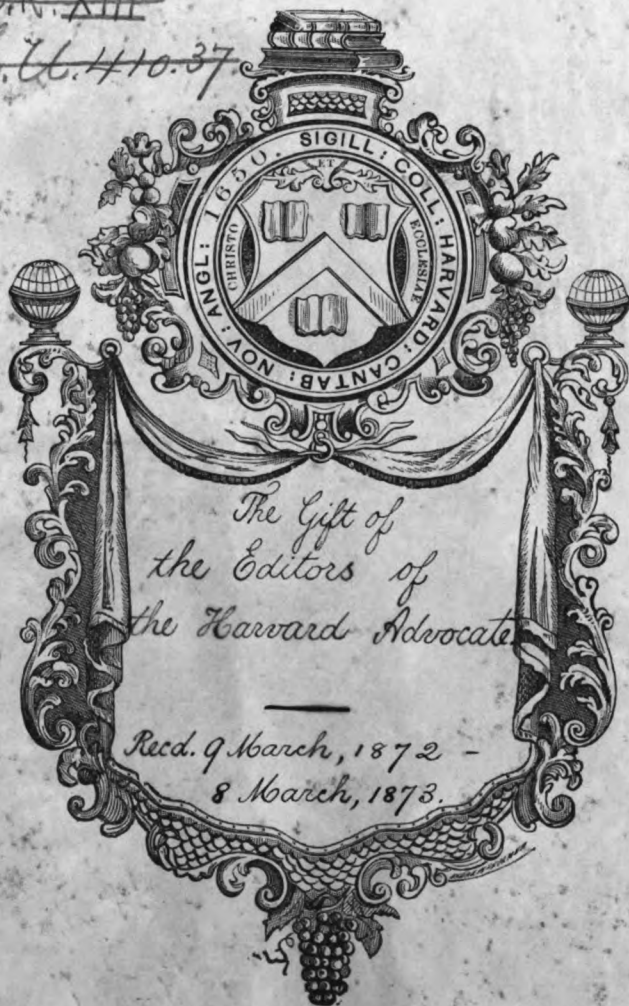
84-19

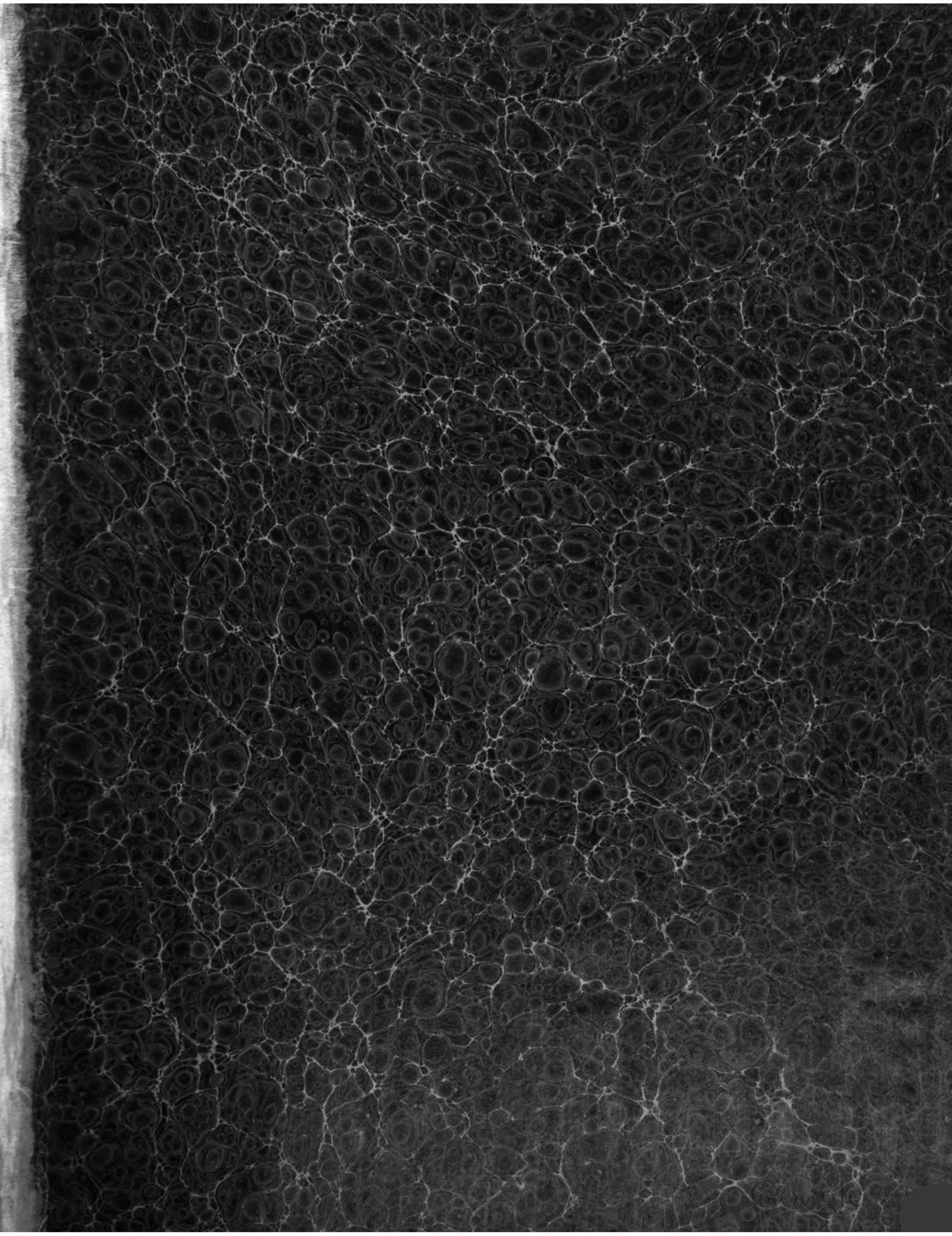
*D.R. XIII

HUK 119 A

3d. April, 1874.

No. 66.410.37





mar. ?
HuK
119
1872-
1873

THE HARVARD ADVOCATE.

VOL. XIII.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., MARCH 1, 1872.

No. I.

A YARN.

It was an ancient mariner, — like Coleridge's, I ween, —
His face was bronzed by tropic suns, his form was gaunt
and lean;
His hair like tangled oakum was, his eye shot baleful
flame;
He used tobacco, and he walked particularly lame.

I chatted with him on the pier, — he confidential grew,
Descanted on the weather, and then asked me for a
chew; *

And, when besought to spin a yarn, this old seafaring
man

"Shivered his timbers but he would!" and suddenly
began:

"Ten years ago I shipped upon the schooner Mary
Jane.

We sailed for Mozambique, in search, ostensibly, of
cane;

The fact is, we were pirates, and a bloodier-minded
crew

Ne'er raised the black flag at the fore, or floated on the
blue.

"Six weeks across the aqueous main our good ship
slowly sailed;

Our fores'ls braced, our tops'ls triced, our main-sheet
closely brailed.

The wind it blew S.E. by S., there was a chopping sea,
And silently, with wicked eyes, the fishes followed we.

"Blood-red the sun crawled up the east, blood-red he
sank from sight;

Blood-red the moon rose, and the stars twinkled blood-
red by night.

Fool that I was to doubt the sign! Oh, triple dolt and
knave!

The purple sea, that rose and fell, was, in its core, a
grave!

• Author's note: —

A lady critic says this line is coarse, and will not do;

So we'll substitute another, which is proper, though untrue.

Read: "Railed against a nasty storm, he thought was on the brew."

"For six long weeks we drifted on, we had nor food nor
water;

We ate the cook, we ate the mate, we ate the captain's
daughter.

The sails grew mouldy overhead, — ha! ha! the fishes
laughed, —

We broke into the medicine-chest, and all its contents
quaffed.

"A quart of rhubarb was my share, I made it last a
week;

My messmate Joe drew senna salts, the tears stood on
his cheek;

The captain, who for food had saved six shirts and one
bandanna,

Was forced to wash his victuals down with ipecacuanha.

Oh! how the fishes roared with glee, to see our sorry
plight;

The sun ho-ho'd above all day, the moon te-he'd all
night.

"Didst ever feel the wolfish fiend, that man 'star-
vation' calls?

The powder was but sorry food, — far worse the cannon-
balls;

But when it came to eating up, *as we did*, the kedje-
anchors,

It's not the sort of diet, boy, for which my stomach
hankers."

The mariner here paused and sighed. I sought to rise
and go.

He held me in an iron grasp, his words were whispered
low:

"The captain still had kept the log, — hunger our
courage nerved, —

We eagerly devoured it, because — 't had been *preserved*.
The figure-head was next despatched; the boatswain

made *wry* faces, —

We bolted him, but he was tough, and bony too, in
places.

"Our next prey was the cabin-boy, — ah, sir! you need
not stare.

We ate him, not since he was young, but since his face
was *fare*.

The pilot at the tiller stood, and jammed it hard-a-lee
(He would have *jammed* it hard-a-port, but we'd drunk
the *port*, you see).

"We rushed upon him in a mass, with fear his senses
swam;

We tore his grasp from off the helm, and then ate up
the *jam*"—

"Oh, cease, thou ancient mariner!" I cried, in great
dismay.

"It is a silly yarn you spin; give o'er, nor longer stay.
Behold a quarter for your pains; take it, and leave the
pier."

The antique sea-dog took the coin, and wiped away a
tear;

Then turned, and sadly wandered off. I ne'er have
seen him more,

And never want to,—for he was a most confounded
bore.

Goodwin 73 G. C. G.

EDITORIAL.

VOL. XII. is finished, and the new Board of Editors present this their first number before you. We bid farewell to our colleagues of the Class of '72, with the deepest regret and sorrow, and will ever remember our connection with them with the greatest pleasure. How much of the present prosperity of the paper is due to their management and endeavors is too well known to need any tribute from us, and we can confidently say, that, disciplined by such instruction, we cannot fail to succeed.

And now for those elected to fill their vacancies. The editing of this paper is a much greater work than you have supposed, and requires no little labor and attention. Don't imagine that you will simply have to sit in your editorial sanctum, and criticise and mangle with fearless pen heaps of manuscripts that pour in upon you for publication from every quarter; for you will find the heap a very small one, especially the good part. For the first time you will make the acquaintance of the worst of duns,—the printer,—who will ever pursue you for more copy. Your best atoms and jokes will be pronounced weak and pointless, or perhaps have appeared elsewhere.irate contributors, whose productions you have rejected, will glare savagely upon you

whenever you meet; but you will soon get used to it, and, in time, it will afford you peculiar amusement.

To our contributors and subscribers, with many thanks for their liberal support, we can only repeat that old saying, which has almost become a proverb from our lips: Remember, the paper is what you make it, and before you pronounce one of our issues as sick, recollect that some of the blame falls to your share. And to use the words of a former editorial, which cannot be too often repeated: "If every one who found fault with an article of the *Advocate* would try to write better, the Editors' work would be made easy."

The prospectus of the paper was never more flattering, and the sum of two hundred dollars, which it has been the custom to present to the Library, will be set aside as a fund to diminish the price of the paper, a much to be desired end; so that every cent of money which is made by this means is returned to the subscribers.

The circulation of our magazine is increasing largely, and, in conclusion, we hope before long to present a paper which is worthy of the patronage it now receives.

COLLEGE HONESTY.

In the last *Advocate* there appeared an article entitled "College Honesty," which, although professedly aimed at collegians in general, fell heaviest upon the present Sophomore class. If the writer of this article had confined himself to his original subject, I should have been the last person to have criticised his opinions; but as he saw fit to single out one particular class for censure, I think it but fair that the readers of the *Advocate* should know the true circumstances of the case.

The writer says, that decanters and wine-glasses were carried away from the Revere House, on the night of February 13th, by members of the Class of '74, which was having a supper there. In reality, only one decanter and half a dozen glasses were taken, and this was done by a *few* men who were not wholly

responsible for their conduct. That night, at a late hour it came to the ears of one of the Supper Committee, and the next morning the committee went to Boston, had an interview with the proprietor of the Revere House, told him exactly how matters stood, and asked him to give them a full estimate of the damage done. Every cent of this has been paid, and he has expressed himself as entirely satisfied with the conduct of all concerned.

I think that the author of "College Honesty" can hardly have thought of the amount of the injury which his article has caused, not only to one particular class, but to the whole College. It has been copied with gross exaggerations by several of the leading journals in Boston, and will thus be read and believed by many persons both there and in all parts of the country. Also the papers of other colleges will only too eagerly seize upon it as a pretext, under cover of which they can traduce the fair name of Harvard.

I am sure he can scarcely have considered all this; and, although I join heartily with him in denouncing what is familiarly known in college as "ragging," yet I do not think that it is right for a man, for the purpose of strengthening his arguments, to bring forward grave charges which are untrue.

EQUITAS.

THE COMING STUDENT.

I SUPPOSE it is now almost universally admitted that at least half of the "coming student" will be of the softer sex. Whether we like it or not, it is our duty to look matters in the face, and, by considering how our college life will be changed by her advent, to prepare ourselves for the inevitable revolution. We have plenty of examples of how the typical school-boy, with capacious pockets, and a weakness for cream-cakes, buds into the "Sub," and there bursts forth, in his second term, into the full-blown Freshman, with a tall hat, and a taste for the French Opera; but who can tell us when or how comes the great change from the blushing school-girl, whom we are so apt to meet in an after-

noon's stroll, to the "sweet girl-undergraduate with golden hair"? No one; save, perhaps, that fortunate few who, as Clodius penetrated the mysteries of the Bona Dea, have peeped at the wonders of Vassar. Therefore, if my speculations seem wild to any one, it must be attributed, not to any wish to mistake or misrepresent, but to want of data from which to reason.

It is stated that when our revolution occurs, the new-comers, for obvious reasons, will be domiciled in buildings set apart for them; but it seems to me this arrangement cannot be permanent. By our side the coming woman will go to the polls, by our side she will run for President. Why shouldn't she have an equal chance with us for a Holworthy room? If I judge the signs aright, she will not only soon claim this as a right, but get it too. Then will begin the change of our social relations: we shall no more loaf over to Tom's room in a blue flannel shirt and old clothes, with our pet brierwoods in our mouths; but, gorgeously arrayed in silk hat and immaculate gloves, we shall make short calls on Susie, and, at the most, never venture beyond a cigarette. Prayers will no longer be a scene of half-finished toilets and dishevelled locks. Lovely woman, however her political and educational relations may change, will never lose her interest in the minor details of dress; and no man can hope to please her, unless, regardless of loss of sleep and half-frozen water, he observes the same nicety in dress at morning prayers that he does at the opera.

In the recitation-room the wild hurrah and the clash of tumultuous boot-heels will die away, and in their stead will come the silvery titter and the decorous pat of well-gloved hands; while grave professors will learn to lay aside their whilom sternness and cutting repartee before the soothing influence of their reformed divisions. In the gymnasium, bean-bags and half-pound Indian clubs will take the place of the 140-pound dumb-bell, and those tiresome rowing weights. On the river we shall probably still continue to handle the oar, at least until the physique of our sisters has considerably improved; but who can say how much strength would be added to our backs and vigor to our

arms by the substitution, in the place of the present clumsy system of steering, of some blue-eyed little blonde, in bewitching tarpaulin hat, who should act as coxswain, and cheer us with her smiles to victory.

But if our sister leaves us the river, we must look to our laurels on the field. With a few slight changes, base ball will be a game peculiarly adapted to her tact and skill, and in due time we shall, undoubtedly, see some tall and graceful brunette, in most becoming "bloomers," captaining our nine, and getting Jenny "down to her second," while her crafty "slows" or plucky catching will win for us many a well-contested victory.

Hazing will disappear for ever. The ferocious Sophomore will be a thing of the vague past; in place of those mysterious and dreadful tortures which every Freshman now suffers, he will receive the most polite and pressing attentions, with a view to future introductions to be obtained through him; and the most savage upper-class man will never venture on a greater liberty than treating some peculiarly attractive Freshwoman to an ice cream.

Somewhat thus, I imagine, the sure-coming change will be wrought; whether it will be a gain or not, who can say? We shall lose some freedom, and a good deal of lazy comfort; but, consoled by the cheering fact, that in any collection of American girls more than half are certain to be pretty. Let us prepare to meet the inevitable like men and philosophers. T.

THE REPORT OF THE EXAMINING COMMITTEE.

THE modern editor is expected to possess very much the same ability as used to be required of the ancient grammarian. "Omnes solvere posse quæstiones." It is not surprising, then, that he should go astray sometimes, that his logic should sometimes be faulty, his generalizations too broad, or his conclusions scarcely warranted by the evidence. Still, after making all possible allowance, I must protest against the pleasant little fictions which the Examining Committee's report has

given rise to in some of our leading papers. This report has evidently been too much for the editors, it has completely upset them; it has produced much the same effect on them as a champagne supper. They have become totally oblivious to all things terrestrial, and, spurning with splendid *abandon* the strait-laced rules of truth and evidence, they have soared away into the realms of fancy, and brought forth productions which are a pleasing accompaniment to Gulliver and Munchausen. We have been laying the flattering unction to our souls that we were getting along pretty well here at Harvard; in fact, we were getting a little uppish, and some persons had gone so far as to call Harvard the foremost among American institutions of learning.

But since the report has come out, I trust that conceit has been pretty well knocked out of us. In fact, no sensible individual can now doubt but that Harvard's glory is mere emptiness.

"This is the state of man: To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls."

Well, there was the *Sun*, it construed the report so as to dispose of most of our pretensions to learning. Why! did not the President have a clumsy sentence in his report? Of course this proved that English was neglected at Harvard. But the *Sun* mercifully "let up" on us, and allowed that it was still possible to get a good mathematical and classical education at Harvard. Though pretty well shook up, we still had hope. But lo! smelling the battle from afar, Cincinnati left the plow, and, rushing down from Chappaqua, with one stroke extinguished all our hopes. Mathematics, Classics, Psychology, Political Economy,—every thing gone, and here we lie flat on our backs, with not a peg to stand on: yes, there is History, thank God for History. But, seriously, it is a little wonderful that a paper like the *Tribune* should stumble so over that much-abused report. The Examining Committee, as I take it, were appointed to bring

to light all the faults in our system of instruction, and they have faithfully done their duty. But when the Committee reports defects in the departments of the Classics, Political Economy, or Psychology, this affords no ground for a wholesale condemnation of the instruction in those departments; in fact, the instruction may be, and is, better than anywhere else. All that is meant is that the instruction is not fully up to that lofty ideal which the learned examiners have thought should be set up in the College, — an ideal which the majority of the editors seemed to have had no conception of.

As well might we call Turner no painter because he did not fully realize the ideal of his art. Now, before any paper uses the report to condemn the College, and sets "fresh water" colleges far above it, — as the *Tribune* has done, — let it first examine the standards which the different colleges have set up for themselves, and then it will see that Harvard, though far short of its ideal, is yet in the first rank of the educational institutions.

STANDEES AGAIN.

LAST Saturday afternoon Tom and I attended the Theatre on standees; and, as we had a remarkably warm time of it, our experience may be in some degree entertaining to the public in general. Of course we went for those shareholders' seats, and found them unoccupied; but alas! in a few moments, happening to look around, we saw the veritable shareholders bearing down upon us. It was one of their days "on." A slight shiver and we arose from our places; but as we turned to move out I noticed a couple of pretty cousins of mine at the left, behind us, while a number of the *élite* of Cambridge were seated at the right, spectators of our ejection. Misfortune number one. As two Seniors occupied the last stair, we gracefully subsided upon the second, hoping that we had at length reached the lowest depths. In vain. Our next trouble was with the usher. That useless appendage of the lobby, evidently unaccustomed to his position, insisted upon "keep-

ing the passage clear throughout the entire performance." It required the exercise of some little expostulation and a considerable display of firmness in order to quiet him. Finally one of our Seniors, growing impatient at this most flagrant attack on theatrical usage, informed the officious underling that we "numbered among us a member of the ball nine, and an oar in the second Senior crew, and had stood enough of his blessed nonsense." From this vocal "tour de force" the attendant withdrew in discomfiture, and we were left for a time in undisputed possession of the floor. At this moment the orchestra began to play.

The next thing was a fresh sensation in the shape of a new-comer. She was an elderly lady, rather stout, and somewhat flushed by the closeness of the house and her exertions to procure a seat. We had watched with interest her devious course, as she seated herself first in one chair and then in another, but became *checkmated* in every attempt. Poor soul! perchance she had never before understood what a reserved seat was. At last she spied us, and presently we heard a voice asking if "there was not room for one more?" We made way, perhaps not so graciously as politeness would demand, and our discourtesy was doubtless observed, for the subsequent remorseful proffer of our operaglass was not very well received. At any rate, sitting three on a stair is not conducive to urbanity. Up to that time I had been an ardent advocate of woman's rights, a decided opponent of all efforts to limit her so-called sphere of activity; but this little incident satisfied me that there was a point beyond which, &c., &c.

Saving the occurrences thus far related, we were left comparatively unmolested during the remainder of the play. To be sure it seemed as if all the people who came late entered our aisle, and also owned seats in the front tier; and one lady did get into the wrong place, causing endless confusion, while a second inconvenienced two whole rows of people in finding *her* seat; and a third lady in the rear took occasion to faint, and was carried out with great *éclat*. But setting aside these trifling interruptions, I think that — with the exception of the gentleman who

deposited his new beaver directly behind me on the step—we all appreciated keenly the humors of the afternoon, and bore with equanimity its little annoyances. At all events we intend to try it again the next opportunity that is presented.

Canfield 75
"P. A."
BASE BALL.

SOMETHING was said last fall, soon after the Scratch Races, about the expediency of having a class championship in Base Ball; but, as it was late in the season, nothing was done about it then, and the idea has been lying dormant during the winter. Now, however, that spring has come, and with it the appreciation of what Harvard has got to do to maintain, at least, her old position, not to speak of new laurels to be won, we may be pardoned for again speaking on this time-honored subject, and for suggesting perhaps a new idea. There is, undoubtedly, a decrease in the general interest felt in Base Ball all over the country, and the attention is centring in the few professional clubs that are now disputing the championship; hence, it is not strange that as men enter college, with less experience and enthusiasm, their interest in it dies a natural death after the first season, and only those who have immediate hopes of a place on the University Nine attempt to keep up the necessary practice. We are not enough of a community here by ourselves to be wholly independent of the changes outside of college, in Base Ball as well as in other things. But now that the many clubs in Boston—which several years since afforded such capital practice and enjoyment—are given up, the University has to depend almost entirely on home practice, and there is so much the greater need of having available nines here in college for the purpose. We do not wish to underestimate the value of the Freshman Nine in this capacity; but for obvious reasons it is important to have something to bridge the gap between it and the Boston.

Formerly, besides the different class nines, which were generally kept up, and the city clubs, there was also a Harvard *second* nine,

containing the promising players, which formed at the same time a worthy opponent and a good training-school for the first nine, and, what is even of more consequence, kept up a lively feeling of competition, which has as good an effect in Base Ball as in business, keeping each player hard at work to hold the place which is always open to the best man. In this way the Nine never lacked material to choose from, or a supply of good substitutes, and there was always an abundance of active, interested sympathy.

Remembering the victorious record of the past, under this system of training, and the increasing necessities of the future,—for Base Ball is past being reduced to a science,—with a consequent demand for better players, why should we give up the aid that has stood by us so well, and not rather encourage it to continue? Why cannot we have something of the kind now? If not a *second* Harvard Nine, at least have good class nines; and, by way of encouragement, let the victorious nine fly the "champion pennant" for the next season. On the river, the Beacon Cup and the attending Class Races do much to keep alive the interest, and encourage the training that is so necessary to fit men for the University crew. And, undoubtedly, were the class nines kept up, and Jarvis Field made once more the scene of frequent and friendly matches, class feeling would be largely increased, and material and pecuniary aid given to Base Ball.

DER DOOKE.

DERE vas a kleiner Russian boy,
Vot makes a voyage to sea;
He comes across der ocean vave
Shust as nice as vot could pe.
He don't comed ofer very fasht,
But plenty time he took,—
Did dis leetle Russian sailor boy,
Der lofely leetle Duke.

'Dwas in New York vere he firsh stop;
Und dey make so blenty noise,
Der peoples all coom running out,
Old men und leetle poys.
Der ladies to der windows came,
Und dere pocketshiefs dey shook,—
To der noble Russian sailor boy,
Der lofely leetle Duke.

He come to visit Boston too,
 Der place so full mit knowledge;
 Und dey takes him out to Cambridge,
 To see old Harvard College.
 Dere vas students there from every place,
 From Maine vay down to Texas;
 Und dey all turned out, mit smiling face,
 To greet der Duke Alexis.

But dere eyes vas full of mischief, though,
 Shoost like der very old Nix,
 Und dey commenced to conjure up
 Vone of dere college tricks.
 "Vat shall we do to please der Duke?"
 Ashked each und every sinner;
 "I'll tell you vat," said vone of dems,
 "Ve'll give a monsthrus dinner."

"All right!" dey cried, "dat's good enuff!"
 Und each one did his share,
 To write der orders, und such stuff,
 Und select a Bill of Vare.
 Und in due time you might hay seen, —
 Der laugh of all spectators, —
 A string of hacks all round der Green,
 Und der Yard all black mit waitors.

Und Copeland had an order too,
 Vat can't be often beat, —
 Four hundred quarts of ice-cream cold,
 For der noble boy to eat.
 Dey looked around to find der man,
 Vot ordered sooch a dinner;
 But dey couldn't *den*, nor nefer *can*, —
 Der sly, mischievous sinner! TEUTON.

BILLIARDS.

I AM a Freshman as usual, and desire information which is not usual. During the last two months or so, there has been a billiard tournament in our class, for the championship of the College, — our men being the ones who introduced this noble game at Harvard.

One evening my chum, who considers himself quite an authority on sporting matters, proposed that we should attend the great deciding match for the champion *q*, as he called it.

We entered the hall, and the sight was imposing, to me at least. This was my first view of a billiard saloon. There were five or six tables, with railings round them; on these four balls were placed, two white and two magenta, so colored, I thought, as a compliment to the col-

lege. There the players banged round with long sticks called *q*'s, as I have mentioned above.

The game of billiards is evidently of a religious nature, for at intervals, when a player missed the balls entirely, he would mutter something to himself, which at first thought might be taken for a curse. Yet it could not have been one, for at the same time he looked heavenwards, and counted off some beads which were suspended directly above his head. Presently the champions entered and the great game began. But it was all a mystery to me, and quite incomprehensible, notwithstanding the explanations of my chum, who sat beside me, and criticised the game, vigorously applauding at times what he called "a round table shot," which seemed absurd, for I know the table was rectangular in shape; in fact I am quite confident of it. And, again, he said something about drawing a ball, in tones of great praise, although I saw nothing of the kind except some white chalk marks on each side of a scorer, as he called him. Then I was informed that one of the players had "jawed" the balls nicely. To be sure he did swear, but swearing I never thought was any very enviable accomplishment. About every minute the players would chalk the tips of their *q*'s. I could not understand the reason for this, and they must have used several tons of chalk during the evening. I suppose that chalking is a very difficult feat. Towards the end of the game a Sophomore, who sat on the other side of me, said something which was evidently intended for a rough on me, for it ended up with "nursed well." This I thought was too great an insult to be borne, especially on such an occasion, for there were crowds of our men present, and only one or two Sophomores. So, jumping up, I was just going to answer the taunt, when the but-end of somebody's *q* struck me in the lower part of the vest, and I concluded to put it off.

My chum dragged me out of the hall amid the laugh of all the by-standers. I have not entered it since. As to the result of the game, I was told that the man who played best got best, which is still more incomprehensible. Will somebody explain the whole matter to me?

HARVARD ADVOCATE.

*Published every alternate week of the College year by
the Students of*

HARVARD COLLEGE.

TERMS. — \$1.75 per volume of ten numbers in *advance*. Single copies 20 cents.

For sale at Richardson's College Bookstore, Harvard Square; at Loring's and at A. Williams & Co.'s, Boston; and at Hoadley's Yale Depot, New Haven.

Subscriptions may be paid at Richardson's, or by letter addressed to "Harvard Advocate, Cambridge, Mass." To this address literary communications also should be sent.

CONTENTS.

VOL. XIII., No. I. — MARCH 1, 1872.

	PAGE
A Yarn	1
Editorial	2
College Honesty	2
The Coming Student	3
The Report of the Examining Committee	4
Standees Again	5
Base Ball	6
Der Dooke	6
Billiards	7
A Prescription	8
The Mint	9
List of Officers of College Organizations	10
Dramatic	11
Exchanges	12
Atoms	13

A PRESCRIPTION.

WOULD you know a charm for a winter's night, when
the wind howls bleak and drear, —

A charm to bring the sunshine back? — well, then, just
lend your ear:

When all the land lies desolate, and you murmur at
your lot,

Try a fire, a book, and an easy-chair, and a glass of
"suthin' hot."

Just take now these ingredients, and portion them with
care:

You'll find just the thing for a tired back a well-stuffed
easy-chair;

To the roaring fire then stretch your legs, and toast
your torpid toes, —

The book shall warm your dull, dull brain, and the
drink your cold, cold nose.

Then soon you'll find on all around has fallen a magic
spell, —

For, lo! 'midst winter's barrenness you now no longer
dwell;

But on the sunny hillside, where the grapes hang rich
and ripe,

The sheep browse round the shepherd, who blows his
oaten pipe.

The brook purls in the mountains, and broadens to the
plain,

And laughs through all the valley rich with the golden
grain;

By the side of the gentle ladies the knights full gayly
prance,

And merrily sounds the fiddle, as the country maidens
dance.

The waves roll in on the shingle, and steal up the
shining sand

To where, in a row together, the huts of the fishers
stand;

But far, far out in the ocean, where the storm-birds
come in flocks,

They spread their nets in foul and fair, close by the
foaming rocks.

Through all the waving corn-land the dusty road doth
pass

Into the old, old forest, by meadows of green grass;

Upon the lake's broad bosom the swan floats like a sail,
From all the budding hedges sing the thrush and night-
ingale.

A friar sits upon a wall, and squints his bleary eye
At a dainty-stepping damsel, who happens to pass by;
The baron, in his banquet hall, cries out, "Just one
glass more!
Let's drain the cask, my jolly boys, the night will soon
be o'er!"

A sort of dim sensation that all is not just right
Grows on your mind, and, suddenly, puts every thing
to flight;
The charm is rent, the spell dissolves, without a word
of warning,
You find your book upon the floor, — an empty glass,
— 'tis morning.

THE MINT.

LET me preface my narrative by one remark, or rather definition, intended for the less well-informed part of my readers, — politeness won't let me term them ignorant. The Mint is not a vegetable or a plant, but the building where the coin of the United States is made, stamped, and stored.

I visited it under very favorable circumstances; what I mean is, that in our party there were three men that corresponded to the servants of the prince in the fairy tale, — one had the longest arms I ever saw, and had stolen all the watches of the company one day on a wager, without being detected; another had more secret pockets in his clothes than any person could have without awakening suspicions as to their object; and a third was possessed of the gift of blarney to such an overpowering extent, that it was thought he could talk any guide or watchman into a state of idiocy inside of ten minutes.

The United States Government, with a rarely displayed sense of utility, has placed this Mint on the highest flight of the broadest stone steps in the world, and bases its whole confidence in the safety of its treasure on the supposition, that

even if a thief should succeed in securing by a bold dash some of the openly displayed vile dross, his fatigue, incident to climbing those steps, would render his pursuit easy, his recapture sure. That we might therefore have no period of rest in which to plan nefarious designs against the nation's gold and silver (they rarely steal the copper here, as it comes in ingots weighing some 250 pounds, and is *not* consequently a trifle to be carelessly slipped in one's pocket), a white-haired, venerable sage, who prided himself, I was told, on his resemblance to Franklin, hastened to proffer his services as our cicerone, conductor, or guide.

Our party was here reinforced by a couple who evidently "were viewing Nature in that rosy light, which love's first dream sheds, making all things bright." That is, they were on their bridal tour. In the first place, we were taken to the melting-room, where brawny giants — for so the glare of the furnaces, and the dancing shadows on the smoky walls made the workmen appear — were ladling great bowls of dripping fire, and tossing huge cakes of burning metal round in an apparently careless manner, that gave rise to some uneasiness, and a great many sparks; or, at least, the afore-mentioned giants would have been doing it, if it had not unfortunately been their dinner-hour, and they were all off duty.

Next we saw the coining-room, where sheets of silver are fed to iron monsters, who chew them up into little round chips, and then (I suppose, because they always have a watchman's eye on them) dare not swallow them, but spit them out. One huge Titan of a machine in one corner, who was masticating twenty-dollar gold pieces, swallowed five when he thought no one saw him; don't tell me, I know he did. Here we learned some facts and figures, and I am proud to say I remember, and am going to inflict them on you. Every man in that room is a millionaire at the end of the year, beside what he has quietly peculated, and his wages.

Next the stamping-room, where "Beauty and the Beast" were personified over again, in the cases of bright-faced girls sitting by more monstrous machines of unlimited appetites, and giv-

ing them gold and silver nutriment. Only here the terrible voracious beasts were fain to be gallant: every time the maiden fair would put out her hand with its precious freight, the monster would forget his hunger and endeavor to kiss the fingers of his ministering angel instead, and every time she would cleverly draw back at the right moment, and the marks of the creature's lips on the coin, which in her fright she dropped, showed how fervent a salute she had escaped.

Lastly, our jovial pilot landed us in the haven of the museum and specimen room. This room contains (if its oily-voiced superintendent can be relied on, and I think he lied most basely) the most complete collection of specimens in the world. There we were shown the "widow's mite," or a coin which might have been it, being of the same kind, had it not unfortunately been another one in all probability; a coin used in ancient Brittany 400 years before Cæsar came over to conquer it; also a Roman coin, worth about half a cent, and about the size of a common brick, so that Roman ladies, when they went shopping, must have needed a carriage, not as the ladies of our time do, to carry their bundles home, but their change.

This ended our sight-seeing, for our time was exhausted, although the curiosities were so by no means, and we meandered down the winding stairs, finding our loving pair, whom we had missed, in the very first room, deep in an animated conversation, in the course of which "love" and "darling" came in with the regularity of the piston strokes of the engine in the corner. We left them there with a deep sigh, but we could not wait, and they did not seem to want to have us sacrifice ourselves and stop, so we did not.

When we left that building, we did not shake the dust off our shoes against it, — not very much; on the contrary, we took our shoes off, and walked home barefoot. When we got to the hotel, we ordered fires to be made in our rooms, although it was the fifteenth of August; then we all went to work, and, bearing the yarns of the veracious-in-all-respects historian at the Mint in mind, burned up our boots and shoes. The result, I must confess, was only

partially satisfactory. The man who had the best luck, and who burned up a pair of congress boots for which he paid eighteen dollars the week before, on undertaking a second pilgrimage to the Mint the next day, and offering to dispose of the proceeds, was tendered the hardly overwhelming amount of four cents; so that, as you may judge, I would not recommend any one to follow our example, save in the highly improbable case of their wearing two or even three cent shoes.

Goldwin '75

[LIST OF OFFICERS

OF COLLEGE ORGANIZATIONS FOR THE PRESENT HALF-YEAR.

SOCIETIES.

H. P. C.

President	H. B. STONE.
Vice-President	HARRY BURNETT.
Secretary	H. WHITEMORE.
Treasurer	D. L. PICKMAN.
Librarian	F. P. JONES.

O. K.

President	H. S. WHITE.
Secretary	ROBERT GRANT.
Treasurer	HARRY BURNETT.
Librarian	O. H. EVERETT.

SIGNET.

President	C. G. KIDDER.
Secretary	E. W. HUTCHINS.
Treasurer	P. HULME.

II. H.

President	R. W. NASON.
Vice-President	C. E. BATCHELDER.
Secretary	L. S. OSBORNE.
Treasurer	W. M. GROTON.

INSTITUTE OF 1770.

President	WENDELL GOODWIN.
Vice-President	H. H. CROCKER, JR.
Secretary	THOMAS CORLIES.
Treasurer	J. R. RANNEY.

EVERETT ATHENÆUM.

President	W. RICHMOND.
Vice-President	W. C. SANGER.
Secretary	H. C. MERWIN.
Treasurer	R. C. NEWTON.

MUSICAL SOCIETIES.

PIERIAN SODALITY.

President	F. R. HALL.
Vice-President	
Secretary	D. B. YOUNG.
Treasurer	M. H. RICHARDSON.
Conductor	L. H. PARKHURST.

GLEE CLUB.

President	L. L. HUBBARD.
Secretary	F. H. LOMBARD.
Treasurer	A. L. LINCOLN, Jr.
Conductor	E. GRAY.

RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES.

ST. PAUL'S.

President	C. G. KIDDER.
Vice-President	R. KIDNER.
Secretary	P. HULME.
Treasurer	N. REED.
Librarian	A. F. WASHBURN.

CHRISTIAN BRETHERN.

President	A. W. GOULD.
Secretary	A. J. HOPKINS.
Treasurer	H. H. HAYNES.
Librarian	R. W. MONTAGUE.

HARVARD READING-ROOM ASSOCIATION.

President	A. L. LINCOLN, Jr.
Secretary	A. L. WARE.
Treasurer	C. N. FESSENDEN.

Executive Committee.

L. L. HUBBARD.	ROBERT GRANT.
C. N. FESSENDEN, <i>ex officio</i> .	G. WIGGLESWORTH.
A. L. WARE, <i>ex officio</i> .	W. H. ANNAN.

THE Executive Committee of the H. U. B. C. request that those persons who now occupy rests in the boat-house, and who desire to retain them during the coming season, will send their names and the number of the rests to 24 HOLWORTHY, addressed to the Committee. Applications for rests are to be sent to the same place, and those first received will first receive attention.

If no notice is received before the first of April, in regard to rests now occupied, they will be considered as given up.

DRAMATIC.

THE BOSTON THEATRE.

THE Strakosch Italian Opera Company on Saturday next closes one of the most brilliant seasons which it has been the fortune of opera lovers to enjoy for a long time. Mlle. Nilsson has sung in various favorite operas during the past fortnight, creating unbounded enthusiasm on every occasion. This (Friday) evening she will sing selections from various favorite operas, and at the matinée to-morrow afternoon she will make her farewell appearance in "Il Trovatore," supported by the full strength of the company.

The spectacular drama, "The Black Crook," is announced for next week.

THE BOSTON MUSEUM.

The Museum is bringing out the various standard comedies, for the presentation of which the Museum company is so justly famous. "The Heir-at-Law," "Sweethearts and Wives," and "Old Heads and Young Hearts," have been successfully brought out; and "Oliver Twist" is announced for Saturday night.

A special scenic production of unusual interest and magnificence is announced for next week.

THE GLOBE.

The fourth week of Miss Leclercq's engagement at the Globe has witnessed no diminution in the hearty favor with which this lady has been received by the patrons of this theatre. Her acting in the various standard dramas, such as "The Lady of Lyons," "The Hunchback," and "Masks and Faces," has been such as to satisfy her most enthusiastic admirers, and to vindicate her claims to distinction in her profession.

EXCHANGES.

Old and New for March contains an exceedingly forcible and instructive article upon the *International*, from the pen of Professor Dunbar, giving a very clear history of the association from its organization in 1864. The writer seems to think that the apprehensions so generally aroused are groundless, owing to the difficulty of managing such large bodies of men whose interests will often be conflicting. There is also a very readable boating story by Mr. Severance of '69, a former editor of the *Advocate*. Dr. Loring draws a labored comparison between Washington and Grant, which reads very like a campaign editorial. The paper upon *The Handwriting of Junius* is a brief résumé of a book recently published in England upon this famous question, and will be found very entertaining reading. The serials of Mr. Hale and Mr. McDonald are continued; and also the story, *Six of One by Half a Dozen of the Other*. The usual Book Notices and Miscellany make up an exceptionally good number.

The chief attraction of the March number of *Lippincott's* is an article upon the journey of Queen Catherine of Russia to the Crimea in the latter part of the last century. The Empress was met by Joseph II. of Austria, and their interview is described in a very graphic and attractive way. The article is translated from a Russian newspaper, where it first appeared. A narrative of travel among the Patagonian Indians is commenced, and promises to be very interesting. *Trial by Fury* is attacked in an able article by Judge Bolles; and the early history of the Philadelphia Academy of Arts is told in rather a fanciful manner, though the facts stated are doubtless valuable. The serials are continued, as also the stories of adventure among the Alps. One or two short stories, with the entertaining Monthly Gossip, fill up the number.

The *Brunonian* gives five pages to a string of well-known stories about impecunious authors.

The Yale authorities have suspended four Seniors and six Sophomores for snowballing coal-cartmen.

Cornell Seniors are amusing themselves by coasting down Cascadillee.

The Yale University Boat Club has communicated to the Secretary of the National Rowing Association of Colleges its intention of contesting the next regatta.

The State authorities want the grounds belonging to Trinity for a State House; and so it is proposed to remove the college to New Haven, and effect a union on some basis with Yale.

Henry Ward Beecher is lecturing at Yale.

The *Christian Union* advises clergymen to read President Porter's *Intellectual Science* as a guide to muscular Christianity.

The policemen having made some arrests recently, the *Courant* appeals to the city against their brutality.

Indeed, the relations of the students to the police form a large portion of Yale literature.

Bowdoin wants to bathe.

The University Hall at Ann Arbor will not be completed, as was hoped, in time for the graduation of the Senior Class.

The *Courant* celebrates in fitting strains the glorious victory of the students over a baker in a snowballing match.

The *Courant* contains an interesting description of the organization and growth of the Brothers Society at Yale. It rose steadily in influence and strength until 1830; but since that time, and especially within the last ten years, they have exhibited a lamentable decline, and now their future is somewhat problematical.

The *Chronicle* has readable letters from Germany by Professor Freize.

Bowdoin wants evening prayers abolished — naturally.

The Yale Professor of History is indignant, according to the *Lit.*, because a Senior has stolen his thunder, and published his notes on last term's lectures.

The *Argus* is discussing the marking system at Middletown, and asks that demerit marks no longer count on rank.

The Yale *Lit.* commences once more the wretched quibbling about last year's race; and complacently remarks that since Harvard is no longer champion, Yale can without loss of dignity afford to enter at the College Regatta.

It is suggested that James Fisk, Jr., may at the present time be engaged in the enterprise of running a competing line of ferry-boats on the Styx.

Cornell students refuse to give up their habit of carrying revolvers, and the *Era* asks what the Faculty are going to do about it.

The *Chronicle* has elected its next editors upon a new system, each subscriber having a vote. The election did not pass off very satisfactorily, and considerable feeling exists.

President White is known in Ithaca as the "Principal of Cornell's Skule."

The *College Express*, published at Olivet, Michigan, gravely informs its readers that "Express" is derived from *exprimo*.

William Cullen Bryant was suspended at Williams for the diabolical crime of reciting a poem called *Thanatopsis*, which had not been corrected by the President. He therefore went to Yale.

A young lady at Ann Arbor, having read a passage in Greek assigned her by the Professor, made this touching appeal: "Do let me read some more! This is such a beautiful passage."

ATOMS.

THE following back numbers of the *Advocate* wanted: Vol. VIII., Nos. 2, 9, and 10; Vol. X., No. 1; Vol. XI., No. 10. Address, 20 Thayer.

SOME queer examples of the misuse of words occur even in Cambridge. For example, the North End Mission Fair was commended by a Freshman because "no *subscriptions* were allowed there;" it afterwards appeared that he meant "*solicitations*." Again, a Junior was heard to speak of a certain tutor as "the most emancipated man" of his acquaintance; he intended to say "emaciated."

Atom. — I say, Molecule! if the crows wished to be profane at their own expense, the name of what flower would come naturally to their beaks?

Molecule. — Why, let's see: oh, sick! *cro-cus* (*s*), of course.

Atom. — Entirely wrong, my brilliant young friend. What they would naturally say is, *damask rose*.

(It is reported Molecule is now a ravin' maniac; and we think, on the whole, with *cause*.)

SCENE IN RECITATION-ROOM.

Urbane Instr. — Not at all, Mr. X.; you lose all the force by your delivery. The extract should be rendered thus, with more vigor.

(Here follows a reminiscence of Daniel Webster in his palmiest days and deepest voice.)

Mr. X. (after the applause subsides). — But I should not dare to speak it that way, sir.

Instr. — And why?

Mr. X. — Because I should disturb the recitations in the adjoining rooms, sir.

(For the remainder of this exciting narrative, see the reports of the next Faculty meeting.)

SCENE: U. E. R. TIME: SATURDAY, 11 A.M.

Inexperienced Proctor (entering, to versatile Junior). — Is this the place where absentee examinations are made up?

Ver. Junior. — Yes: but you don't belong here; Freshmen are examined in Holden Chapel.

QUERY. — Was the brilliant flow of wit at the *Advocate* Supper owing to the fact that it was a *jeu d'esprit* (*Fendi spree*)?

A FRESHMAN in the W. entry of Grays, it is reported, has made it a point to always be in his room by nine, thinking the iron doors were locked at that hour. *Fact*.

STUDENTS desiring rooms photographed will be kind enough to leave word with the Committee of Senior Class, — Messrs. Severance, Williams, or Baker. Prices are \$3 for each negative taken, and \$1 each for duplicate prints.

COLLEGE PHARMACY,

Holyoke House,

Harvard Square.

HORACE S. BARTLETT, PROPRIETOR.

LATE WITH CASWELL, HAZARD, & Co., N.Y.

The greatest care used in dispensing Medicines; every prescription proved by another before leaving the premises, thus insuring my patrons against mistakes, *often so deplorable in their results*.

Constantly on hand, the finest assortment of French, English, and American Toilet Articles, choice Wines and other Liquors, for *Medicinal* uses; Cigars, Cigarettes, and Smoking Tobaccos.

**SODA
WATER**

with the most delicious Cream Syrups, so cold, so refreshing. Give it a trial.

Kissingen and Vichy Water on draught.

NO HUMBUG. NO EXTORTION.

P. S. — All articles usually found in First Class Drug Stores to be had here.

JOHN W. WHITON,

HOLYOKE HOUSE,

CIGARS,

CIGARETTES,

TOBACCOS,

PIPES,

SMOKERS' ARTICLES, UMBRELLAS,

AND CANES.

English Hair and Tooth Brushes, Clothes and Hat Brushes, Combs, London and Paris Soaps, Pomades, Hair Oils, Colognes, Toilet Vinegars, Russia Leather Cigar Cases, Tobacco Jars, Mantel Ornaments, &c., &c.

Pipes Repaired and Mounted.

Fine Goods, Reasonable Prices, and the privilege of Exchange.

ROBERT BACON & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN

Men's Furnishing Goods,

45 WEST STREET, BOSTON.

ROBERT BACON.

GEO. M. CARPENTER.

Particular attention paid to the manufacture of

FINE SHIRTS TO ORDER.

BOSTON

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC,

154 Tremont Street.

Instruction given in Singing, Piano, Organ, Cabinet Organ, Violin, Flute, etc.

CLASSES LIMITED TO FOUR PUPILS ONLY.

Evening Classes are opened in all the above-mentioned branches for the especial benefit of the Students of Harvard College.

Students forming themselves into classes of four can choose their own hours, either day or evening.

The large new Pipe Organ is now ready for the use of the Organ Classes.

Concerts, Lectures, classes for reading at sight, etc., are free to pupils.

Send for circulars, or apply for particulars to the Director,

JULIUS EICHBERG,
154 Tremont Street.

Harvard Hair-Dressing Saloon,

Corner Holyoke and Harvard Streets.

T. S. McCOY.

Students accommodated with CLEAN TOWELS and CLEAN MUGS. Price 15 cents single shave. Reasonable deductions made to regular customers.

JOHN G. CALROW,
TAILOR,

85 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON,

Will, on the 20th February, inst., open a full supply of

Rich and Elegant Goods, Stylish in every particular.

In commencing the ensuing season, we have made ample arrangements to fill all orders with promptness, and shall endeavor to merit a continuance of the patronage which has been so kindly bestowed upon us. Our prices will be found full 20 per cent less than any other first class house in the city. Quality of work and style equal to the best.

FULL DRESS SUITS, made of the finest French and German Cloths and Doeskin, *silk lined*, and Inner Vest included, for \$55, as good as can be sold for \$70 or \$80, anywhere else.

Gents who are desirous of saving a few dollars and get equally as good Goods, Trimming, Style, and Workmanship, will please call upon us. We also keep a choice and elegant assortment of

TIES, SCARFS, CRAVATS, GLOVES, COLLARS,

and all the little Fancy Articles usually required to complete the toilet, styles which can be found nowhere else.

LOUIS P. OBER,

French Hotel and Restaurant,

4 WINTER PLACE, BOSTON.

TABLE D'HÔTE. — Breakfast at 11 o'clock A.M.; Dinner from 1 till 4 P.M.

TABLE D'HÔTE, 6 P.M.

Meals served at all hours, Day and Evening.

Special attention paid to the accommodation of Parties and Clubs.

CHOICEST FRENCH WINES always for sale, at wholesale and retail, at lowest possible prices.

GENTLEMEN having Old Garments can dispose of them to advantage by leaving their orders with

LEVY,

No. 20 Brattle Street (north side).

Clothes Cleaned and Repaired.

Mr. L. has a fine collection of English Engravings for which he will take clothing in exchange.

WHITNEY & WORCESTERS.

Furniture, Feathers, Carpeting,

LOOKING-GLASS PLATES, &C.

BRATTLE SQUARE, CAMBRIDGE.

AUGUSTUS A. WHITNEY. C. H. WORCESTER. F. WORCESTER.

GEORGE LYON & CO.,
TAILORS & IMPORTERS.

Our Spring and Summer importation of

FINE

TAILORING GOODS

Is now fully open, being larger than ever before; and in variety and newness, unsurpassed. Our *Prices will be somewhat lower than heretofore.*

English and French Sample Garments just received, and open for inspection. White and latest novelties in French and English

FANCY SHIRTINGS,

Just received, which we make into shirts to order.

12 WEST-STREET CHAMBERS,
COR. WASHINGTON,
BOSTON.

MR. WARREN,

PHOTOGRAPHER,

POST OFFICE BUILDING, CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.,

Offers to the

STUDENTS OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY

In all departments a *Reduction in Prices* for Photographs from the local rates, and as satisfactory results as can be procured in the country.

WILLIAM TUFTS,
Caterer for Class-Day,

737 WASHINGTON STREET,
Corner of Indiana Place, **BOSTON.**

Constantly on hand, the best Ice Cream, Plum Cakes, Fancy Cakes, Pastry, and Confectionery. Parties supplied, in addition to the above articles, with Frozen Sherbet, Jelly, Blanc Mange, and Table Ornaments of every description, at the shortest notice, and with punctuality.

J. A. RUGGLI,
FASHIONABLE
BOOT & SHOE MAKER,

HARVARD ROW, CAMBRIDGE,
GENTLEMEN'S BOOTS AND SHOES FOR SALE.

All kinds of Repairing done.

JAMES TOLMAN,
MERCHANT TAILOR,

111 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON

Established in 1835.

I am now receiving New Goods for the Spring Season, and shall keep constantly on hand a varied assortment including all the New Styles of Cloths, for Spring and Summer wear.

The quality of our work is well known to be the best.

A. MOLYNEAUX HEWLETT,
BRATTLE SQUARE, NEAR BRIGHTON STREET.

O J C

Clothing made, cleaned, repaired, altered, and dyed.

Highest Price paid for cast-off Clothing.

Gymnastic Shirts, Belts, Slippers, Boxing-Gloves, and Gymnastic Apparatus.

SECOND-HAND COLLEGE TEXT-BOOKS
Bought, sold, and kept constantly on hand.

A. E. A. GODEFRIN,
TEACHER OF FRENCH,

58 STUDIO BUILDING,

Corner Tremont and Bromfield Streets, BOSTON.

References.—Prof. H. W. Longfellow; Prof. F. J. Child; Prof. E. W. Gurney; N. Silsbee, Esq., Treasurer of Harvard University; Chas. E. Norton, Esq.; C. C. Read, Esq.; A. G. Sedgwick, Esq., Cambridge.

CHAS. F. BELCHER,
CONFECTIONER,
HARVARD SQUARE.

Constantly on hand a large assortment of **CAKES, ICE CREAM,** also **CANDIES,** both French and home manufacture. *Club Suppers furnished to order.*

W. L. HAYDEN,
Teacher of

GUITAR, FLUTE, PIANO.

Dealer in Musical Instruments of all kinds, Music, Books, and Strings.

Call or send for Circular. 120 Tremont Street, Boston.

JOHN FORD & SON,
PRINTERS,

OVER RICHARDSON'S BOOKSTORE, HARVARD SQUARE.

Special care taken with Printing for College Societies and Students.

JOHN H. HUBBARD, THE APOTHECARY,

Would correct a Popular Fallacy,

That this column is composed, in a great measure, for literary fame, and the fame, too, of a college paper whose readers are the most ruthless of critics. No: its object, to speak plainly, is profit and worldly gain. I have goods to sell, and I mean to sell them. I have as many of them as anybody else, and will sell them at fair prices. It may be supposed, because this is outwardly and conspicuously an Apothecary Store, that I cannot furnish Smokers' Articles as well as one whose business is exclusively in that line. That is another fallacy, and a most pernicious one. I cannot fill my windows and show-cases with Tobaccos, for that would prejudice my other lines of business. But I have the goods. To meet the call for

CUT TOBACCOS IN BULK,

I have excellent qualities of

NATURAL LEAF AT	\$1.50
" " "	1.75
" " "	2.00
CUT PERIQUE, PURE. (No Navy)	3.00

Besides all the regular brands of Box Tobaccos, Green Seal, Persian, California, Black and Tan, &c. Then Lone Jack, Durham, Highlander, &c., &c.; and for Cigarettes, Turkish, Honradez, Gallito, and Latakia.

I recollect when we studied Latin Grammar at school, how we used to skip the fine print and solid matter, as the printers describe it. Now it don't do to follow the same course in reading these advertisements, for right in the middle of this solid matter and talk of shop may be buried some excellent joke or amusing anecdote. Did you ever hear of Mrs. Conkling Neppins and her son Conkling, Jr.? They were visiting the Athenæum one day, — "And this, Conkling," said she, consulting her Catalogue, "is a Burst of Physic. Well, well, she does look white and onhealthy!"

SODA WATER

Is looking up. The Glacier, with Syrups in glass vessels, supplies this truly American beverage, pure, cold, and altogether lovely. Have a reverent care of your stomachs by cooling them with Nature's medicinal drink. *Star Water* — small glasses, 5 cents. In all matters of

PIPES AND PIPE FIXTURES,

Gambier, Meerscham, and Bruyère Bowls, Weixel Stems, Amber Mouth-pieces, these are the head-quarters. Don't you forget it! Then, also, here are fine

TOILET GOODS,

Hair Brushes, Buffalo Combs, Tooth Brushes, and Dentifrices, Oils and Pomades for polishing the hair, Lead Combs for darkening it, Razors for cutting it, and Waxes for causing it to wax, à la Louis Nap.

Sponges of all kinds, Turkish Bathing Towels, Lubin's Extracts, — all at cost, and more, too, at

J. H. HUBBARD'S.

HATTERS TO THE UNIVERSITY.

JACKSON & CO.,

HATTERS & FURRIERS,

ALBION BUILDING,

No. 59 Tremont Street, Boston,

HAVE ISSUED THEIR

Young Gents' Silk Hats;

ALSO, SOLE AGENTS FOR

AMIDON'S

NEW YORK HAT.

Price \$9.00.

THE FINEST AND LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF IMPORTED

FOUVIN'S KID GLOVES,

CANES,

NATURAL STICKS,

SILK UMBRELLAS, NOBBY SOFT HATS,

HAMMOCKS,

HAT BRUSHES, &c.

N.B. — Particular attention paid to getting up

COLLEGE CAPS:

Our SILK GOSSAMER HAT made to order by CONFORMATEUR.

JACKSON & CO.,

ALBION BUILDING,

59 Tremont Street, Boston.

J. A. JACKSON.

W. H. HOLLOWAY.

Cambridge: Press of John Wilson and Son.

mar. 30

THE HARVARD ADVOCATE.

VOL. XIII.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., MARCH 12, 1872.

No. II.

THE RIVAL EDITORS.

[We have obtained at great expense the following account of the quarrel between the editors of the rival papers at Williams College. — Eds.]

IN a dissolute Williamstown tavern, as dirty and dark
as a jail,

Sat a penniless, pitiful creature, whom want had reduced to a rail;

With threadbare, perhaps stolen, garments, with a neckcloth that once had been new, —

'Twas *Pott*, that cantankerous viper, who edits the *Williams Review*.

On the opposite side of the chamber, in a shirt and decayed cotton drawers,

With a nose quite as hooked as a gryphon's, with sunken, cadaverous jaws,

With nothing but bills in his pocket, bowed down by misfortune and debt, —

Sat *Slurk*, his unfortunate rival, who edits the *Williams Vidette*.

Like Kilkenny cats they sat glaring, with feline, malevolent leer,

Perusing each other's production with wicked, contemptuous sneer.

Pott held the *Vidette* for a moment, spat on it, then tore it in two;

Slurk scornfully lighted his meerschaum with the scurrious *Williams Review*.

"Vile reptile!" hissed Pott, with a shudder, "low scum of contemptible men!

I have read that calumnious pamphlet, the work of your libellous pen.

'Tis ditch-water, ribaldry, twaddle, — such garbish I ne'er can forget;

'Tis a rag, 'tis a rag, and you call it, hyena! the *Williams Vidette*."

"Brass Pott!" shrieked the virulent rival, "is the rumor a falsehood or not,

That you've pawned your last coat for an atom, — an atom, nefarious Pott?

I'm aware that your credit is valued at less than a poor oyster stew,

While your motto is 'Lend me five dollars.' God help the poor *Williams Review*!"

"Vile Mormon!" yelled Pott, in his passion. "Low adder!" bawled Slurk, in reply.

Wild flew the available inkstands, the clamor resounded on high;

The crockery clattered like grape-shot, when — horrors! — *une grande assiette*

Broke the scull of the infamous object that edits the *Williams Vidette*.

In a gloomy, pestiferous dungeon, in the depths of the Williamstown jail,

A grim ragamuffin lay groaning, distorted and frightfully pale.

By his side lay a thief and a drunkard, — a maniac, forger, and Jew, —

'Twas Pott, that cantankerous viper, who edits the *Williams Review*!

G.

Q. A. 173

A CONTRIBUTION TO HISTORY.

THIS title, it is hoped, will save the article thus headed from misconception. It is no criticism, or innuendo; but solely an attempt, by one of those concerned, to set right an often-misconceived incident in Harvard history.

In the year 1856, the "Greek Letter," or "Affiliated" Societies, were on precisely the same footing as the Porcellian, and, except for the

semi-annual oration and poem, as the H. P. C. They were secret, to all but members of them. But every one talked freely about them; their boards were exposed in "University" windows; their elections were often mentioned; and they had one great element of publicity that no others had, — their members ostentatiously wore their pins, as they do now at Yale, Williams, and elsewhere. In short, they were no more *secret* than any society is secret, — none but members know what is done in them.

They were commonly called *Greek letter societies*, — for the *affiliation* was notoriously a matter of joke, — much to the disgust of brethren from other colleges, who would come to Harvard and look in vain for a fraternal grip, or, if they got it, get nothing more from their brother ΨT 's, $Z \Psi$'s, $A \Delta \Phi$'s, or $\Delta K E$'s. These were the prominent societies. I have a vision there was also a $\Theta \Delta X$.

At this time the other undergraduate societies in Cambridge, whose existence was avowed, were the Institute, Porcellian, H. P. C., Natural History, Christian Brethren, Pierian Sodality, Rumford, and Glee Club. (I name them in the order of institution.) A Freshman Society called the Anonyma was just expiring with the Freshmen of 1860. The OK , ΠH , Everett Athenæum and Signet, were not as yet; nor yet others which have since been born, and died.

About this time — the spring of 1856 — a series of articles appeared in various numbers of the "Harvard Magazine," openly discussing the question whether these Greek letter societies did not do more harm than good. It is not the object of this article to recapitulate any of the arguments on either side: it is a much more agreeable task to refer the readers of the "Advocate" to the 2d, 3d, and 4th volumes of its predecessor; which has acquired a reputation for heaviness — from those who never read it. It was not thought heavy in the years I name.

It may be conceived that any thing that furnished matter for several articles in a monthly magazine furnished still more for talks among the students. Fifty-six and Fifty-seven were divided in opinion about "the Greeks," but yet they were handed down to Fifty-eight. And so,

in the second term of the year 1856–57, the $\Delta K E$'s of 1858 had actually chosen and initiated some Sophomore members of 1859, and the other societies had pretty much made up their minds whom to choose.

At this time a paper was started, and passed round the Class of 1859 for signatures, wherein the signers pledged themselves to join no Greek letter societies, if elected, — excepting of course the $\Phi B K$, whose original constitution had been changed for many years. This paper received a very large number of signatures, *and was entirely and exclusively originated by the members of the class, was in no way whatever the work of the Faculty*, and was signed for reasons satisfactory to undergraduates, *as such*, in a very large number.

Shortly after it had been circulated, however, several members of 1859 were led to think, by conversations with each other and with members of older classes, that they had made a mistake in renouncing an old social college institution. This they said openly, and in consequence a class meeting was called to reconsider the paper. It was held in the old Engine House on Church Street, and very largely attended. The question was brought up with perfect good order and good feeling: several speeches were made on both sides by many of the most prominent members of the class, and all in a very conciliatory and pleasant tone. Ultimately the original paper was confirmed by a very large vote; the chief ground being, that the Greek letter societies tended to break up the natural class friendships, just at the time they were really beginning to form themselves, and so to split the class into cliques.

It was of course held that the vote of a large majority bound the whole class. But I believe those who had joined the $\Delta K E$ before the paper was circulated considered themselves not bound by it.

Thus, by an action of *undergraduates in a class meeting*, — not by the Faculty in any way, shape, or manner, — were the affiliated or Greek letter societies broken off and given up. Sixty accepted the result; and both Fifty-nine and Sixty, in order to supply the void so made,

turned themselves into two societies, — each conterminous with the class, with rooms, officers, meetings, *et id genus omne*.

Fifty-eight stormed; Fifty-seven laughed; the other colleges were as furious as Bombastes; — but the work was done.

Here my contribution to history properly ends. It is not wrong to say, however, that several years after graduation I was surprised to see a ΨT pin on the breast of a member of the class of 1871. On making some inquiries of his friends, I gathered — but I cannot vouch for it as truth — that some persons in other colleges had induced the revival in secret of these societies at Harvard, and had spread the story — absolutely false — that their abolition was owing to a vote of the Faculty.

"Veritas nihil veretur."
Tutor J. M. Everett '59.

THE "ADVOCATE" SUPPER.

If the coming Editor could anticipate the course of events, and foresee the pleasures that await him after he is comfortably seated in the Editorial Chair, not the least of which is the annual supper, I am confident that he would no longer be backward in coming forward, nor would he hesitate about submitting some of his productions to the public eye. Happily there are times when the restless, inquiring mind, so inherent in the Editor, is at rest; and he is content to linger and discuss that which is already before him. Then he is apt to be "cheerful," nay, even gay; and it is well to seize the occasion, and submit articles to his consideration.

The supper was held at Parker's on Thursday the 29th; and from the fact that the Boston *Advertiser* announced that "The editors and guests of the *Harvard Advocate* dined at Parker's on Friday eve," we can infer that the editors of that paper indulged in a similar treat, in which case we cannot do more than wish that their supper was as thoroughly enjoyable in every respect as our own. But if the papers would confine themselves to such small and harmless mistakes as this, in commenting on College affairs, we would gladly hold our peace.

Among the guests, Mr. E. E. Hale was the only graduate, whose presence, so agreeable on all occasions, was doubly so this evening to those whom he is singularly qualified to advise and encourage. Several other graduates and old friends of the *Advocate* who were expected were much missed.

The supper itself was very handsome, fully supporting our host's reputation, which is so well known to a majority of our readers that nothing more need be said. Those who were there testified their appreciation by passing a hearty vote of thanks, at the end of the evening, to the proprietors for their generous and admirable management.

Toward the end of the supper, the proof-sheets of the first *Advocate* of the new *régime* were passed around, and after due discussion the President of the Board, Mr. Severance, read a very witty little note from Dr. O. W. Holmes, expressing his regret at not being able to be present. He then proposed the first toast of the evening, "Our Alma Mater," to which Mr. Hale made a most interesting and amusing response, touching first on College life in his day, and his own early literary work for the *Harvardiana*. He showed how the habits of perseverance and energy which were so acquired enabled him, as time went on, to overcome the tasks which his rapidly increasing duties involved; he then showed, in a way that was very satisfactory, the certain good *we* should derive from *our* literary efforts, which he said should centre in the *Advocate*, as no chance was offered by the College for the exercise in this department which is so necessary. Judging from his past experience as an editor, he wished to add a word of caution, which would apply to most writers as well, against falling into the common habit of, in the first place, "not knowing what you want to say," and in the second place of "not knowing when you have said it."

It would be impossible to compare or describe the many happy responses to the toasts which followed. They were too good to be now cut to pieces. Mr. Hubbard, in response to "Our Dear Old Class of '72," said he would let the class speak for itself, and merely mentioned a

few facts that they might not be forgotten. Mr. Lyman responded for '73, Mr. Lombard for '74, and Mr. Curtis for '75. The *Advocate* was warmly spoken for by Mr. Babbitt of '72, and the "New Editors" were ably represented by Mr. Harding of '74. Mr. Fessenden of '72 described in a very satisfactory manner the "Financial Management" of the past, and prospects for the future. The trials and tribulations of "Our Contributors" were narrated in a most amusing way by Mr. Goodwin of '73, and Messrs. Loring and White spoke earnestly in behalf of "Boating," and "Ball," showing how necessary the substantial sympathy of every one will be in the coming season, but expressed no fear for the result.

Mr. Lincoln of '72 replied gracefully to the last toast, "Our Music," speaking of its progress and importance; and, to illustrate the pleasure it could afford, he called on Mr. Lombard for a song: after which, the company left the table and passed the rest of the evening very pleasantly around the piano, reluctant to go, and thus break up the supper of '72, which will long be remembered by the many who enjoyed it.

WHOLESOME TRUTH.

COLD weather does not improve the temper, consequently one feels inclined to complain at the present time more than usual. It is exceedingly unpleasant to stumble upstairs and fall downstairs every night, but stumble and fall we must, until some energetic individual will consent to sacrifice himself for the public good, and light the gas in the college entries.

In former days the Faculty did not ride in hacks to and from "University;" nor did the chapel bell find them propped up by bolsters, sipping chocolate in bed; alas! they were poor, miserably poor, and could not afford the Sybaritic luxuries of their posterity. But in those days the Faculty of Harvard College were generous,—yes, my friends, truly, nobly generous. The little that remained to them, after paying the college glazier and watchman, was promptly bestowed on the student who would undertake

to light the entries for the smallest remuneration.

This was paradise compared to the present system. Sad to relate, those palmy days are no more. Now on cold winter evenings the poor student sees the last hack, laden with the functionaries of our institution, rumble away from "University;" but no one even offers him a match to illumine the ascent to his dismal dormitory. Grave professors with their families, and sometimes without their families, engage private boxes at the opera, frantically hurl five-dollar bouquets at angelic prima donnas, and return home with "consciences void of offence towards God and man." Can they say with the great Daniel Pratt that *they* have been laboring over thirty years, at different times looking into the affairs of their government, and have not made a dollar over their expenses? Alas for human depravity! Conscious of the fact that they derive \$63,843 annually from the rent of college rooms, they are unable to afford \$25 for the support of a college lamplighter. This is progress. The time is rapidly approaching when we will be obliged to sweep out the recitation-rooms, light the furnaces, and even ring the bell, to save our Alma Mater a few dollars per week; while we understand that the majority of college instructors already employ the blank sheets of our examination-books for note paper. Perhaps the Faculty may labor under the fond belief that the students are rich, that they can afford matches in unlimited quantities. May they for ever be dispossessed of such a delusion! It was only this last week, that a student was seen gazing wistfully at a car starting for Boston, and was heard to remark, tearfully, that he had spent his last copper the night before on a bunch of matches to light his entry with. "O tempora, O mores!"

THE CLASS RACES.

MUCH has been said lately about the decline in boating here at Harvard, various have been the reasons assigned for it, and various the remedies proposed to obviate it. It seems to me, however, that we need not look far for a most

important aid towards restoring boating to its former high position. Restore the class races to their former efficiency, and you will adopt the surest way to amend the fallen fortunes of boating. I think we can hardly overestimate the influence which these races have in creating throughout the College that general feeling of enthusiasm for boating which is absolutely necessary for any degree of success. To the majority of the undergraduates, the University Crew is something of which they talk a good deal outside of college, while inside they know very little about it, and consequently feel but little real interest in it. But with the class crews it is different: every man feels a lively interest in his own class crew. He considers it his bounden duty to go down every day and see the crew come in; he becomes all at once a connoisseur in boating, and freely offers suggestions in regard to models, oars, and style; he takes a personal interest in feeling the biceps of each member of the crew, and giving him valuable hints as to his wind, training, &c.,—in short, he feels that he owns part of the crew, and on the final day he is prepared to bet his bottom dollar on "our" crew.

Again, the class races, when properly conducted, form valuable training schools for the "University." In fact, they are the only training schools; for, strange as it may seem, with all our boats and conveniences for rowing, unless a man is a member of the University or Freshman Crews, the only chance he gets to prove himself an oarsman is once a year in the class races. Those who remember the palmy days of boating will recall the interest then taken in the class races, when four and five crews used to enter; when every available spot from which the course could be seen was taken up, and crowds of eager students thronged all along the sea wall. They will remember also that a few weeks later the "University" used to shoot past the grand stand at Worcester, a handsome first.

Now every means should be taken to bring these races to the highest possible degree of efficiency. Every man in College should feel a personal interest in them, and be on the alert to counteract any thing tending to injure them.

As the matter now stands, it seems to me that an insurmountable obstacle in the way of these races is found in the rule adopted last year, allowing members of the University Crew to enter the class races. In fact this is the surest way to kill the races, as the miserable fiasco last year proved; when, in consequence of the working of this rule, only one crew entered for the races. This rule is manifestly unjust: first, because it does not give the different classes an equal chance. We may throw the Freshman out at once, since as a rule no Freshman rows in the University Crew,—the only exception was Loring of '69. Of the remaining three classes, one usually has a large majority of the "University," as was seen in the crews of '68, '69, '70, and '71; hence all the advantage is given to one class. The others are dispirited, and lose all interest in the race,—for how can they expect to take the prize away from the trained athletes of the "University"?—and it would be scarcely worth the while to undergo a course of training with a view to coming in second.

Again, even if the members of the "University" were distributed equally as possible among the classes, their introduction into the class races would defeat one of the most important aims of those races. The ultimate object of the races is not that six men may have their names inscribed on the Beacon Cup, or that six silver cups may adorn the rooms of as many men; but that a general feeling of interest in boating may be aroused, and, above all, that new men may have a chance to prove their ability; and the candidates for the "University" may be increased, so that, instead of having, as now, eight or nine, we may have twenty or thirty. Now the "University" men we know are tried and proved; we feel sure of them; we don't need that they should take a pewter cup to assure us of their ability. But of these new men we do need some trial, and the class races give just this opportunity. In view of these facts, I think it will be clear to every one that we had better return to the old rule which worked so well, and not adopt the rule which spoiled the races last year, and, if continued will certainly kill them.

A REMINISCENCE.

I WAS following the even tenor of my way in true Sophomoric innocence, undisturbed by any ambitious thoughts, and having a very humble opinion of myself, when one day I was suddenly jostled and nearly thrown off the track, by being asked to write for the *Advocate*.

I felt very much flattered that an editor should, as I thought, pick me out of so many fellows and ask me to write for his paper. I was very much excited, my heart beat fast and almost came out of my mouth, just as it did when trying for the "Nine" I got and muffed my first fly ball; and in my confusion I flustered out something about trying to write, and so with a forced cough turned away to hide my embarrassment. I could not get over my excitement and feel like myself until at least five minutes had passed. Then when I came back to a state of equilibrium, was able to see where I was going, and began to consider somewhat calmly, I thought that the editor must have mistaken me for some literary genius of our class, and so tried to think no more of it.

I had hardly, in the course of two weeks, succeeded in driving away all thoughts about the matter, when I was again asked by another editor to "write for the *Advocate*." I was really startled this time, just as when Oliver Twist comfortably settled in Mr. Brownlow's house, and having forgotten all his troubles, sees his "kind friends again."

But like the poor fox, who is dragged into all the fables, I was less disturbed this time I saw the editorial lion, and had sense enough to say that I had never written any thing, and that I doubted my ability. But the editor, encouraging me with the doubtful compliment that I could not tell what I might do until I tried, persuaded me into a promise to write, and left me thinking that perhaps, after all, I might have some genius in that line; I might be "a rose born to blush" (hitherto) "unseen and waste its fragrance on the desert air;" and many a rosy vision of literary reputation and honor hovered about me until—I sat down, took out my pencil and paper, and began to write. Then slowly the bright scenes

faded away, and I saw only the bare theatre walls behind. That I had no genius was evident; and, even with the great advantages which we enjoy from the high culture in the English department in this College, it was plain I could not write.

Perhaps the editors had combined to make fun of me. But no: that could not be. It was too heavy a charge to make without good ground, and especially upon an editor,—since for their feelings everybody everywhere has the greatest regard; and besides, even if it was true, I could not knock them down, or fight a duel, or even horse-whip one of them, unless, perhaps, I were an English actress, well known to some of us who have just read the *Chicago Tribune*.

In the course of two or three days I was asked if I had finished my piece. I looked at the editor's face without answering for some time, but could discover no traces of fun. On the contrary, I thought he looked a little serious and disappointed, especially when I told him that I had not been able to do any thing for him through want of time.

I did not exactly like to tell him that I had tried and could do nothing, and so as usual pushed off the blame upon the shoulders of poor old Time, and hinted about coming examinations.

It puzzled me very much to know why the editors came to me of all persons. Why they should imagine that I had any literary talent. I protested again and again that I never had written any thing. I never have since. I don't know any thing, and I never expect to know any thing.

I could not even persuade myself that I looked wise; and moreover I rowed a little last year, and "oars" seldom write, for it is said that rowing makes their hands too clumsy to hold a pen.

"Happy thought!" Perhaps I look like some great writer. With this idea I took all the pictures I could find of all the authors from Homer, Andronicus, and Chaucer, through Plato and Aristophanes, Virgil and Horace, Milton and Shakespeare, Goethe and Schiller, down to the editors of the last year's *Advocate*,

borrowed a large looking-glass, and spent one or two valuable hours comparing myself with the pictures. But although I did have a long upper lip like Socrates, and like Artemas Ward my hair was hard to part, neither of these resemblances could be sufficient reason for their taking me for a literary genius.

I was once asked to write some poetry. I made a rhyme one time in my life, but from that the "Poeta" could not be said to be "nascitur" in me, and certainly I was not "fit" for one.

Since that, however, I confided in a friend of mine. He immediately began to laugh, and then set me all right by telling me—slightly to my disappointment, however—that it was nothing to be asked to write; that the editors asked almost everybody, generally insinuated if possible some compliment, and tried to look disappointed at the failure of a promised piece.

These, I have found out since, are only a few of the many tricks of an editor's profession, which, I suppose, none but an editor can ever learn.

I confess that ignorance in this case was bliss, but yet it cannot be folly to be wise; and some time, when I get wise enough to write a piece, it may be more pleasure to see something of mine in print than to be deluded by false dreams, however flattering.

TRACTS.

By tracts we mean those essays, evidently written for our instruction, in which elderly ladies invest to an enormous extent, and which they delight to force into one's hands, to drop on the sidewalk or push under doors, and by any artifice lay before our noses, until by this time every one is more or less acquainted with these productions. Who has not seen some benign old gentleman enter a horse-car, unbutton his coat, and take from his breast-pocket a bundle of little papers, and distribute them among the bewildered passengers? How awkward he seems after he has done his work, looking restlessly at

each to see the effect, and then gazing hard out of the window, as if quite at his ease! As tracts, then, form part of the current literature, they are worth examining both in point of matter and in point of style.

The model style seems to consist of such subjects as "Sporting with Death," "The Bottomless Pit," &c. These tracts are evidently intended to give the reader a good shaking up, to catch him somehow unawares, and then hit him at random. They are written to have immediate effect. The *modus operandi* is fearless assertion and constant reiteration, on the principle that, if a statement is repeated a certain number of times, its effects may be calculated to a dead certainty.

Or we may have the title in the form of a conundrum, which is perhaps more startling and effective. Such names as "Why halt ye?" and "How long will ye remain so?" cannot fail to bring instant perusal and conviction.

But, to our mind, the most pleasing form is the narrative, including stories and experiences always from real life. We have the account of the converted farmer, who from infidelity finds himself suddenly changed by reading some tract, and, no longer continuing in his wicked ways, puts his work on a theological basis, and does his planting with deep fervor, and who cannot even pick an apple without connecting the event with the Garden of Eden. Then there is the afflicting story of the servant girl, who, transformed into a new being, cleans dishes and reads tracts with equal assiduity, and finally expires, convinced that her heart is "kind o' washed like."

These are specimens of the model style, but by no means the only ones, for the ingenuity of the tract-maker has no limit. We are unwilling to treat sacred things with levity; but yet we cannot help asserting that, if a man wishes to see rubbish in its most concentrated form, he has only to read one of those tracts which are almost daily thrust into our hands. What any one, after reading an assorted collection, must feel at the end of his labors, it is painful even to imagine.

QUIS.

HARVARD ADVOCATE.

*Published every alternate week of the College year by
the Students of*

HARVARD COLLEGE.

TERMS. — \$1.75 per volume of ten numbers in *advance*. Single copies 20 cents.

For sale at Richardson's College Bookstore, Harvard Square; at Loring's and at A. Williams & Co.'s, Boston; and at Hoadley's Yale Depot, New Haven.

Subscriptions may be paid at Richardson's, or by letter addressed to "Harvard Advocate, Cambridge, Mass." To this address literary communications also should be sent.

CONTENTS.

VOL. XIII., No. II. — MARCH 12, 1872.

	PAGE
The Rival Editors	17
A Contribution to History	17
The <i>Advocate</i> Supper	19
Wholesome Truth	20
The Class Races	20
A Reminiscence	22
Tracts	23
Reminiscences	24
Humor	24
Officers of the Christian Union	25
Boating Again	26
Once Again	26
Youthful Poetry	27
Exchanges	28
Atoms	29

REMINISCENCES.

"'Twas in my Freshman year," the Junior said:

"And we, let loose from apron strings of mothers,

Became sad dogs at once; yes, I'm afraid

I was as bad as any of the others.

I kept a dog, defying college laws;

Sported a waistcoat with a two-inch plaid;

And learned to suck strange compounds through long
straws, —

With other little vices, just as bad.

"Oh, we were fast! At least we thought we were,

And got thus easily the real delight of it,

As well as some, to whom I won't refer,

Who know full well the way to make a night of it.

With what celerity we learned to swear!

How we played billiards, puffing strong cigars!

How many of us 'loafed round Bowdoin Square,'

To take the *last* of all the latest cars!

"Our gambling was a terror to behold:

My chum and I played euchre, — *sine* joker, —

At first, for naught; but afterwards, grown bold,

Spent hours a day on 'penny-ante' poker.

We 'ponied' too; learned to tell little fibs,

To melt the Dean's heart from its native ice;

And spent more time in drawing up of 'cribs'

Than were required to get the lesson twice.

"Those wicked days! Well, they are safely o'er,

And I've become as steady as a deacon;

I don't attend the 'Howard' any more,

Or make large wagers, as I used, at 'Beacon.'

But, as I watch the newly beavered throng,

There steals into my heart a touch of pain;

And, like most old men whom the poets have sung,

I would I were a Freshman once again."

M.

HUMOR.

I THINK any one is willing to admit that the desire to be entertaining, and to be considered witty, is a most natural and laudable one; but it must be admitted as equally true that the ability to be so is confined to very few. The tendency to overlook the latter half of this proposition is doing, I fear, fatal injury to wit and the proper appreciation of it in our College. By the kindness of the editors, I have been permitted to look over some of the rejected MSS. of the *Advocate*; and almost every article, except the sentimental poetry, is filled with attempts, in most cases absurdly unsuccessful, to be "funny," by the mere substitution of long words for short ones, and by the multiplication of inappropriate adjectives. Some one, in reading, sees the expression, "I followed the ferocious editor to his den, and there forced him," &c. He at once seizes on the idea, and the next time he goes to buy an examination-book he talks of "chasing the devious bookseller to his bloody lair," and really believes he is saying something good. This idea will grow on him, and after several months of "elusive horse-cars," "casual

This style of writing, so easy to acquire and so apparently effective in return for very slight mental effort, must have a marked effect on the language of every-day life ; and this is peculiarly true in reference to the conversation in our college society, where the readers and writers

And yet the writers are hardly more to blame than the readers, the talkers than the hearers, for this general corruption of taste. It is much easier to string together long words, and to exaggerate facts, than it is to be really witty; and if audiences patronize and are amused by trained monkeys, they must not be too severe with the managers who substitute them for the legitimate comedy.

T.

Rev. Father, 7th

President	H. S. WHITE.
Secretary	R. S. MORISON.
Senior Director	A. L. LINCOLN.
Junior Director	A. L. WARE.
Sophomore Director	F. H. LOMBARD.
Freshman Director	F. S. WATSON.
Executive Committee	{ Rev. E. E. HALE. Rev. C. C. EVERETT. F. G. PEABODY.

BOATING AGAIN.

Now that spring has come, and the time is approaching when out-of-door sports will again demand attention, I think it will not be out of place to say a few words here in regard to boating, which, as one of the noblest of athletic sports, deserves particular notice. I was sorry to read in one of the Boston papers of last week words to the effect that "the boating interest at Harvard, and perhaps at the other colleges, is gradually dying out." This statement I stoutly denied at first, and looked upon it as another of those gross mistakes which Boston papers are continually making in their reports of college matters. But, on talking with boating men upon the subject, I found that it was true, and that this time I had done the reporter injustice. Now, if this *is* a fact, — and we are unable at present to deny it, — why stand quietly by and allow things to remain as they are, without straining a muscle to improve them? What excuse have we to offer for our indifference to a subject which should justly claim the attention of every man among us? We certainly cannot say, with Yale, that "our lack of interest is due to the repeated defeats which our crews have for the past years sustained." No: we have no such apology to offer. On the contrary, Harvard has such a reputation to maintain that she cannot afford to lose the assistance of so much as one of those who pretend to feel concerned for her welfare. But I imagine I hear you say, "That is all very good in its way, and looks tolerably well in print; but *how* are we to lend that assistance of which you speak?"

First of all, by joining the H. U. B. C. (if you have not done so already), and paying your annual subscription fee. In this way, you will have made the valuable acquaintance of many prominent boating men, who, you may feel assured, will always treat you with profound respect, and who will express the sincere hope of a further acquaintance. Then, with a confident feeling that you have at least taken the first step towards promoting the success of the cause, go the round of your classmates, and per-

suade as many of them as possible to do the same. Meanwhile, if you are an athletic man, you will of course spend much of your leisure time in the gymnasium, at the rowing weights, being as regular in your attendance there as you are at your recitations, and with even stronger religious scruples against cutting. After having devoted yourself faithfully to a system of training throughout the winter, be assured that when the river opens, and boating is once more resumed, you will, by the skill you have acquired through practice, attract the attention of the boating men, and be marked as a good man for the crew. But if, on the other hand, you are not a boating man, do not think that on this account you can be of no service to those who are, and therefore modestly withdraw yourself altogether from the subject. For you are mistaken. There is still much for you to do; and though you take no personal part yourself, your assistance is greatly needed in supporting and encouraging those who are actively concerned. It is not fair to suppose that a few hard-working and energetic men can keep up the boating interest of the whole College, or even of a single class. And it is the duty of every individual man to lend his hand, his heart, and a good share of his money, for the support of those with whom rests the responsibility of maintaining the reputation Harvard has so long enjoyed, and of ensuring her success in the future.

ONCE AGAIN.

THE present excitement in regard to the regal (?) apartments in Matthews and Weld Halls reminds us of a period in our college course, when the chapel was still considered a piece of architecture worthy to be looked at, and had not yet sunk so low in the public esteem as to be deemed worthy of becoming an advertising board for barbers; a time when the glories of the magnificent Thayer Hall were being spread abroad, and every one was calculating his chances for a room in it.

One article has already been published on this subject, but the suffering we have undergone for

the last week, and a pretty strong conviction that we have been imposed upon, forces us, at the risk of repetition, to intrude on our readers again.

In the first place, in addition to the many great conveniences of this building, which have been mentioned before, the coal-bins on all, except the first floor, are arranged in a singularly useful manner, for, being placed next to the small pigeon-holes of the corner rooms called bed-chambers, whenever your man sets to work to make yours or your neighbor's fire, which he does at a little after four in the morning, your slumbers as might be expected are somewhat disturbed, and in consequence the much milder tones of the college-bell fail to catch your drowsy ear, and the result is prayers suffer, and yourself, too, in time. The study is never comfortable except in the neighborhood of the grate, which is placed so high up in the chimney that half the heat escapes up that orifice, which, I take it, is not the use for which a chimney is built. The consequence of this is that you burn a ton of coal a month and yet freeze.

We had pitchers once, but owing to the expansive property of ice they have been bisected, and so we do without them. The water pails have held out as yet, but we won't vouch for them if this kind of weather continues longer. We had a thermometer, too, the gift of a fond sister, which was the admiration of all our friends; but it has gone, wearied by constant falling since autumn closed, until a few weeks ago, and since that time remaining steadfast with 0° staring it in the face: it disappeared last Tuesday, and has gone we trust where the good thermometers go; for its earthly lot was a hard one.

Our slumbers, too, are disturbed by the constant rattling of the windows, and the continuous draughts of air which pour in through the large crevices in the sashes, rustle the curtains to and fro like the flapping of a sail, so that my chum, who is fond of a home on the briny deep, is constantly dreaming that he is at sea, and in obedience to some imaginary command of a phantom captain winds up his bedclothes into a round knot, as though he was stowing away the

mainsail or taking off the bonnet of the jib; the result in this case is that rheumatism has claimed him for a prey, and his groans are pitiful to hear.

But, to speak seriously, it seems gross injustice that the same price should be charged for these scarcely habitable quarters as for the comfortable rooms in Holworthy. We earnestly call the attention of the college authorities to the great need there is of alterations and improvements in this building, and we hope before long to see that the proper steps have been taken: every door needs rehangng, and every window resetting; and we would advise those who have drawn rooms in the two new buildings not to entertain too great visions of comfort, for they might be disappointed, as we have been. x.

YOUTHFUL POETRY.

COME, poor deformed child of poesie, my talentless bard! Come all of you who at last believe in the truth of the line,

"Poesie, thou nymph reserved!"

Come all of you who with crownless brows have seen your poor verses perish like the insect, almost as soon as they were born! Let us now sit down and mourn together over our poor success. Good fellowship and perfect confidence must reign among us, for no unsuccessful poet, you know, dares to mock a brother in distress; as well might a man who has, after a weary and desperate struggle to ride gracefully on the horse's back, relinquished the attempt, ridicule a fellow in the same awkward embarrassment. Out with your knives then! Let us dissect the bodies of our dead unfortunates, and search for the cause of their premature destruction. Ah, poor friend! The point of the blade has impaled for its first victim that sonnet of yours which you once thought so admirable. How we could moralize over your ill success. But moralizing is distasteful, you know, to the unfortunate, so we will simply watch the course of the knife. The first few lines of your sonnet are good, even pretty: if the beginning is so acceptable, the ending must be a flattering tribute to your

genius. But alas! Our reasoning is false. We are "evidently not acquainted with the principles of logic." The first few lines contain the thought which in your ambitious opinion poetry only could express, while the remaining lines simply fill out the sonnet: it reminds me of a ragged pair of pantaloons flowing loosely out from under a fashionably cut and glossy dress-coat. You have skilfully and strongly laid the foundation, but a child's breath would level the building. Carefully now! You would not cast it among the flames! You do not throw away the quartz because it is not all gold, do you? Rather let us lay it aside, and examine some other specimen of your skill; for, as one sip of wine creates a desire for another, this sonnet must have inspired you to a second venture. Slowly! don't cast all your poems on the table, for some editor of the *Advocate* might happen in, and the unusual, pleasurable appearance of so many original productions might perhaps seriously affect him. Well, we will examine this second oyster shell of yours (don't be angry), and see if there is a pearl in it. "The Return of Agamemnon." Ah, my poor heart! Suppose we avoid the subject entirely. But here is a third poem of twenty verses, with the intended idea expressed in the tenth verse. Good enough; but I fear that the shabby apparel with which you have clothed its lean nakedness could hardly protect it from the cold blast of our editor's criticism. Your whole poem reminds me very much of a rotten apple with only one sound spot in it; and I am afraid it would follow the fate of such an apple,—no one would care to taste it. Here, then, you have been toiling and panting over the composition of a poem which when finished is only an evidence of your weakness. And here is another of your profitless endeavors, where you have begun your poem with one or two verses of sound sense, and have then descended to your milk-and-water lines: you let us take all the juice from the orange at the first squeeze, and in spite of our exertions we get nothing from the remainder. If you can't carry the beauty and substance of the idea through all your lines, don't attempt the poem. But the short hand rolls round upon midnight, and in a

moment we must part. Before you go I will implore you to have pity upon us and not to attempt another line of poetry unless your talents are equal to the effort.

EXCHANGES.

OXFORD lately numbered among its students the Duke of Genoa and Prince Hassan of Egypt. At the present time, a distinguished member of the Siamese Government is an undergraduate at Balliol.

The ex-washerwoman of Amherst is dead.

"The 'mumps' are raging as an epidemic in Bowdoin." — *Chronicle*.

"A gentle and pious youth in a Paris college has invented a steam guillotine, warranted to decapitate sixty men an hour." — *Exchange*.

The University Library of Strasbourg, which was totally destroyed by the bombardment, promises to be larger than ever before. During the last three months it has received over 130,000 volumes as gratuitous contributions from abroad.

There are said to be three Japanese princesses, two dissipated negresses, and a Patagonian at Vassar. Amen!

A student at Bowdoin has fourteen lady correspondents. Two of these are friends, eight he never saw in his life, and he is engaged to the other four. He says he belongs to Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull's party.

"Sixty-one colleges are under the control of the Methodists, and fifty-eight of the Roman Catholics. Fifty admit women." — *Trinity Tablet*.

We are requested to contradict the report that the editor of the *Williams Review* has pawned his dress-coat for an atom. We had supposed it to be an exaggeration.

"Yale spends \$7,000 a year for photographs." — *College Days*.

An affectionate brother at Hamilton boasts of a sister that "can everlastingly paw ivory and howl like a mule."

The *College World* tenders its respects to the *Williams Vindicator*, by calling it the "most conceited of college papers." Softly, *College World*: you forget the *Review*.

The students of Dalhousie College, Halifax, sleep standing.

"A young lady in our midst died recently from the excessive use of tobacco. She was 113 years old, and an orphan." — *Williams Review*.

We are delighted to state that the toad thrown away by the dissipated Yale Senior, who drank the alcohol in which it was preserved, has been found by advertising. We congratulate Yale.

An exchange makes the inquiry: "If a young lady wishes a young gentleman to kiss her, what papers would we mention? No *Spectators*, no *Observers*, but as many *Times* as you like."

A Senior at Brown has been engaged as clown to a prominent travelling circus immediately after graduation. He expects to rival the Majiltons.

The following is a sample of that sparkling sheet, the *Mount Pleasant Reveille*. Query: What is greater than a nutmeg? Ans.: The nutmeg-grater.

Cornell is desirous of knowing if children in arms are to be admitted free of cost to the World's Jubilee. Too thin!

ATOMS.

[We take great pleasure in publishing the following letter. — EDS.]

DEAR EDITORS, — It is with great sorrow that I am obliged to inform you that I have been unable to obtain since your last issue any more of those witticisms with which I have hitherto endeavored to enliven your columns. The intense cold of the past week has made the professors extremely reticent; hence one of the most prolific sources for atoms has been cut off. This is made additionally unfortunate from the fact that Molecule is suffering intensely from indigestion brought on by over-exertion at the *Advocate* supper. It is a melancholy sight to watch the various college officers, wrapped to the ears in their great-coats, congealing at their desks. Their humor seems completely sapped; and it is with difficulty that they murmur forth, "It is chilly, gentlemen: but I trust that the oxygen from so many lungs will reduce the room to a thermal condition before the end of the hour." Not a joke nor a dry saying has escaped their lips during the week. It is true that one professor happened to remark that, "since his examinations were a thing between himself and his Creator, he was surprised that so few attended them." Some Juniors saw the joke, but I did not. The Freshmen have been uncommonly quiet; and, engrossed in billiards, have furnished — alas! — no gleanings. The Sophomore "decanter" affair seems to have taught that class the impropriety of jokes; while the Juniors have confined all their funny things to their "burlesques." Trusting that you will pardon my deficiency, I remain, gentlemen, as ever,

Your faithful

ATOM.

COLLEGE PHARMACY,

Holyoke House, Harvard Square.

HORACE S. BARTLETT, PROPRIETOR.

LATE WITH CASWELL, HAZARD, & Co., N.Y.

The greatest care used in dispensing Medicines; every prescription proved by another before leaving the premises, thus insuring my patrons against mistakes, *often so deplorable in their results.*

Constantly on hand, the finest assortment of French, English, and American Toilet Articles, choice Wines and other Liquors, for *Medicinal* uses; Cigars, Cigarettes, and Smoking Tobaccos.

SODA WATER with the most delicious Cream Syrups, so cold, so refreshing. Give it a trial. Kissingen and Vichy Water on draught.

NO HUMBUG. NO EXTORTION.

P. S. — All articles usually found in First Class Drug Stores to be had here.

JOHN W. WHITON,

HOLYOKE HOUSE,

CIGARS,

CIGARETTES,

TOBACCOS,

PIPES,

SMOKERS' ARTICLES, UMBRELLAS,

AND CANES.

English Hair and Tooth Brushes, Clothes and Hat Brushes, Combs, London and Paris Soaps, Pomades, Hair Oils, Colognes, Toilet Vinegars, Russia Leather Cigar Cases, Tobacco Jars, Mantel Ornaments, &c., &c.

Pipes Repaired and Mounted.

Fine Goods, Reasonable Prices, and the privilege of Exchange.

[ROBERT BACON & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN

Men's Furnishing Goods,

45 WEST STREET, BOSTON.

ROBERT BACON.

GEO. M. CARPENTER.

Particular attention paid to the manufacture of

FINE SHIRTS TO ORDER.

BOSTON

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC,

154 Tremont Street.

Instruction given in Singing, Piano, Organ, Cabinet Organ, Violin, Flute, etc.

CLASSES LIMITED TO FOUR PUPILS ONLY.

Evening Classes are opened in all the above-mentioned branches for the especial benefit of the Students of Harvard College.

Students forming themselves into classes of four can choose their own hours, either day or evening.

The large new Pipe Organ is now ready for the use of the Organ Classes.

Concerts, Lectures, classes for reading at sight, etc., are free to pupils.

Send for circulars, or apply for particulars to the Director,
JULIUS EICHBERG,
154 Tremont Street.

Harvard Hair-Dressing Saloon,

Corner Holyoke and Harvard Streets.

T. S. McCOY.

Students accommodated with CLEAN TOWELS and CLEAN MUGS. Price 15 cents single shave. By the term or quarter, less.

JOHN G. CALROW,
TAILOR,

85 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON,

Will, on the 20th February, inst., open a full supply of

Rich and Elegant Goods, Stylish in every particular.

In commencing the ensuing season, we have made ample arrangements to fill all orders with promptness, and shall endeavor to merit a continuance of the patronage which has been so kindly bestowed upon us. Our prices will be found full 20 per cent less than any other first class house in the city. Quality of work and style equal to the best.

FULL DRESS SUITS, made of the finest French and German Cloths and Doeskin, *silk lined*, and Inner Vest included, for \$55, as good as can be sold for \$70 or \$80, anywhere else.

Gents who are desirous of saving a few dollars and get equally as good Goods, Trimming, Style, and Workmanship, will please call upon us. We also keep a choice and elegant assortment of

TIES, SCARFS, CRAVATS, GLOVES, COLLARS,

and all the little Fancy Articles usually required to complete the toilet, styles which can be found nowhere else.

LOUIS P. OBER,

French Hotel and Restaurant,

4 WINTER PLACE, BOSTON.

TABLE D'HÔTE. — Breakfast at 11 o'clock A.M.; Dinner from 1 till 4 P.M.

TABLE D'HÔTE, 6 P.M.

Meals served at all hours, Day and Evening.

Special attention paid to the accommodation of Parties and Clubs.

CHOICEST FRENCH WINES always for sale, at wholesale and retail, at lowest possible prices.

GENTLEMEN having Old Garments can dispose of them to advantage by leaving their orders with

LEVY,

No. 20 Brattle Street (north side).

Clothes Cleaned and Repaired.

Mr. L. has a fine collection of English Engravings for which he will take clothing in exchange.

WHITNEY & WORCESTERS.

Furniture, Feathers, Carpeting,

LOOKING-GLASS PLATES, &C.

BRATTLE SQUARE, CAMBRIDGE.

AUGUSTUS A. WHITNEY. C. H. WORCESTER. F. WORCESTER.

GEORGE LYON & CO.,
TAILORS & IMPORTERS.

Our Spring and Summer importation of
FINE

TAILORING GOODS

Is now fully open, being larger than ever before; and in variety and newness, unsurpassed. Our *Prices will be somewhat lower than heretofore.*

English and French Sample Garments just received, and open for inspection. White and latest novelties in French and English

FANCY SHIRTINGS,

Just received, which we make into shirts to order.

12 WEST-STREET CHAMBERS,
COR. WASHINGTON,
BOSTON.

MR. WARREN,
PHOTOGRAPHER,

POST OFFICE BUILDING, CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.,

Offers to the

STUDENTS OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY

In all departments a *Reduction in Prices* for Photographs from the local rates, and as satisfactory results as can be procured in the country.

WILLIAM TUFTS,
Caterer for Class-Day,

737 WASHINGTON STREET,
Corner of Indiana Place, BOSTON.

Constantly on hand, the best Ice Cream, Plum Cakes, Fancy Cakes, Pastry, and Confectionery. Parties supplied, in addition to the above articles, with Frozen Sherbet, Jelly, Blanc Mange, and Table Ornaments of every description, at the shortest notice, and with punctuality.

J. A. RUGGLI,
FASHIONABLE
BOOT & SHOE MAKER,
HARVARD ROW, CAMBRIDGE,
GENTLEMEN'S BOOTS AND SHOES FOR SALE.
All kinds of Repairing done.

HATTERS TO THE UNIVERSITY.

JACKSON & CO.,

HATTERS & FURRIERS,

ALBION BUILDING,

No. 59 Tremont Street, Boston,

HAVE ISSUED THEIR

Young Gents' Silk Hats;

ALSO, SOLE AGENTS FOR

DUNLAP'S AND AMIDON'S
NEW YORK HAT.

Price \$9.00.

THE FINEST AND LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF IMPORTED

JOUVIN'S KID GLOVES,

CANES,

NATURAL STICKS,

SILK UMBRELLAS, NOBBY SOFT HATS,

HAMMOCKS,

HAT BRUSHES, &c.

N.B.—Particular attention paid to getting up

COLLEGE CAPS:

Our SILK GOSSAMER HAT made to order by
CONFORMATEUR.

JACKSON & CO.,
ALBION BUILDING,
59 Tremont Street, Boston.

J. A. JACKSON.
W. H. HOLLOWAY.

JOHN H. HUBBARD, THE APOTHECARY,

Would correct a Popular Fallacy,

That this column is composed, in a great measure, for literary fame, and the fame, too, of a college paper whose readers are the most ruthless of critics. No: its object, to speak plainly, is profit and worldly gain. I have goods to sell, and I mean to sell them. I have as many of them as anybody else, and will sell them at fair prices. It may be supposed, because this is outwardly and conspicuously an Apothecary Store, that I cannot furnish Smokers' Articles as well as one whose business is exclusively in that line. That is another fallacy, and a most pernicious one. I cannot fill my windows and show-cases with Tobaccos, for that would prejudice my other lines of business. But I have the goods. To meet the call for

CUT TOBACCOS IN BULK,

I have excellent qualities of

NATURAL LEAF AT	\$1.50
" " "	1.75
" " "	2.00
CUT PERIQUE, PURE. (No Navy)	3.00

Besides all the regular brands of Box Tobaccos, Green Seal, Persian, California, Black and Tan, &c. Then Lone Jack, Durham, Highlander, &c., &c.; and for Cigarettes, Turkish, Honradez, Gallito, and Latakia.

I recollect when we studied Latin Grammar at school, how we used to skip the fine print and solid matter, as the printers describe it. Now it don't do to follow the same course in reading these advertisements, for right in the middle of this solid matter and talk of shop may be buried some excellent joke or amusing anecdote. Did you ever hear of Mrs. Conkling Neppins and her son Conkling, Jr.? They were visiting the Athenæum one day, — "And this, Conkling," said she, consulting her Catalogue, "is a Burst of Physic. Well, well, she does look white and unhealthy!"

SODA WATER

Is looking up. The Glacier, with Syrups in glass vessels, supplies this truly American beverage, pure, cold, and altogether lovely. Have a reverent care of your stomachs by cooling them with Nature's medicinal drink. *Star Water* — small glasses, 5 cents. In all matters of

PIPES AND PIPE FIXTURES,

Gambier, Meerschaum, and Bruyère Bowls, Weixel Stems, Amber Mouth-pieces, these are the head-quarters. Don't you forget it! Then, also, here are fine

TOILET GOODS,

Hair Brushes, Buffalo Combs, Tooth Brushes, and Dentifrices, Oils and Pomades for polishing the hair, Lead Combs for darkening it, Razors for cutting it, and Waxes for causing it to wax, à la Louis Nap.

Sponges of all kinds, Turkish Bathing Towels, Lubin's Extracts, — all at cost, and more, too, at

J. H. HUBBARD'S.

A FULL ASSORTMENT OF

TEXT BOOKS

For Colleges and Schools — American and Foreign Editions. Also the largest variety of

Standard and Miscellaneous Literature.

All offered at a special discount to TEACHERS and STUDENTS, by

NOYES, HOLMES, & CO.,

117 WASHINGTON STREET,
BOSTON.

ORRIN HALL,

Harvard Square, corner of Brighton Street,

Offers a fine assortment of

GROCERIES ADAPTED TO STUDENTS' USE.

Preserves, Jellies, Pickled Oysters, Crackers, Cheese, Olives, Potted Meats, Sardines, &c.

FINE SCOTCH ALES AND PORTER.

J. A. RUGGLI, .

FASHIONABLE

BOOT & SHOE MAKER,

HARVARD ROW, CAMBRIDGE,

GENTLEMEN'S BOOTS AND SHOES FOR SALE.

All kinds of Repairing done.

MR. WARREN,

PHOTOGRAPHER,

POST OFFICE BUILDING, CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.,

Offers to the

STUDENTS OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY

In all departments a *Reduction in Prices* for Photographs from the local rates, and as satisfactory results as can be procured in the country.

FOR SALE,

A SINGLE-SCULL LAPSTREAK, in excellent condition. A great bargain. Enquire of BLAKIE, at the Boat House.

Cambridge: Press of John Wilson and Son.

April 9

THE HARVARD ADVOCATE.

VOL. XIII.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., APRIL 2, 1872.

No. IV.

THE BEGGAR AND THE KING.

ONE summer afternoon, within his palace,
The king sat nodding on his throne of state;
And, drinking of the same care-freeing chalice,
All round about him drowsy courtiers wait.
Without the court-yard, with the sun's rays pouring
Full down upon his unprotected head,
A beggar sat, whom, spite of his imploring,
The liveried slaves had driven from his shed;
And gentle sleep, with silent, noiseless fingers,
Wraps king and beggar in its soft repose;
And, as its presence in the palace lingers,
The eyes of servants, too, in slumber close.
All slept: and o'er the minds of each came stealing
The dim and airy vision of a dream;
And all the chambers of the mental feeling
Straightway with many floating fancies teem.
The king lived o'er again his days of glory;
Once more he heard his subjects loud acclaim;
Again he trod the field of war so gory,
And purchased by ten thousand deaths his name.
He heard again the trumpet's clangor calling;
He heard the shouts of foeman and of friend;
And, louder than the death-groans of the falling,
He heard the war-cries' ringing thunders blend.
He dreamt of pillaged towns and plundered cities,
Of slaughtered innocents whose blood he'd spilt;
He heard his minstrels sing their fulsome ditties,
In praise of *him* whose soul was steeped in guilt.
He felt again the cares that round him hovered,
When his high pinnacle of fame was won;
He felt the conscience pangs he oft had smothered,
When some most foul and sinful act was done.
He saw the tears of suppliants, beseeching
For mercy from the author of their woe;
He stifled once again the dictates teaching
His heart with pitying mercy to o'erflow.
He dreamt of plots, that 'gainst him were directed
By patriot souls that sought their land to free;
He tortured once again those few detected,
And caused his subjects' lingering hopes to flee.

He saw again his royal offspring falling,
Struck by the vengeance of the mighty hand;
He heard his injured people ever calling
For freedom for their poor, down-trodden land.
But, ah! without the gate, the beggar, sleeping,
Saw visions seldom seen by mortal eye:
For o'er his tired soul came glimpses creeping,
Of glories which shall never fade nor die.
He heard the heavenly choirs their anthems raising,
In tuneful cadences and strains sublime;
He heard the voice of countless millions praising,
Whose songs shall echo to the end of time.
Beside the stream of life he walked, surrounded
By angels in pure robes and crowns of gold;
And all the starry courts the while resounded
With melody from golden harps untold.
Forgotten all his pains, his care, his anguish, —
His dreary pilgrimage forgotten now;
No longer did his soul in sorrow languish,
Nor sweat of torture roll a-down his brow.
He walked no more the earth with tears and sighing,
But trod the courts above, in light arrayed,
And answered now was all his piteous crying,
He heard the voice of love, — "Be not afraid!"
So passed the afternoon: the sun descended
'Mid golden clouds, and purple, hazy smoke,
That with the far-off, faint-lined hills were blended;
And servants, beggar, and the king awoke.
One woke to cares and toils his dream had taught
him,
That peaceful rest belonged not to his prize;
The beggar, — ah! his golden dream had brought him
Eternal rest, — he woke in paradise. G. C. G.

London 7.

THEATRICALS

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE HARVARD BOAT CLUB.

By an announcement in another column, our readers will learn that the friends of Boating at Harvard are to have an opportunity of manifesting their interest in the welfare of the Boat

J. H. HUBBARD,

THE APOTHECARY,

attends to all matters connected with the art of Pharmacy with skill and elegance. Employing competent assistants, and using pure materials, he feels confident that his medicinal preparations will continue to merit the approval of a discriminating public.

He will at all times endeavor to keep a full line of

FANCY AND TOILET ARTICLES.

Bathing Sponges; Foreign Soaps; Combs and Brushes of all kinds; Razors, Stropps, and other conveniences for Shaving; Playing Cards and Counters; Lubin's Extracts; Atkinson's White Rose.

Also fine Meerschaum Pipes and Cigar Tubes; speciality of GAMBIER CLAYS, the sweetest and best coloring clay pipe in use. Stems and Mouth-pieces of all kinds.

TOBACCOS OF EVERY GRADE,

from GREEN SEAL and LONE JACK downward. HONRADEZ, TURKISH, and LATAKIA for Cigarettes; CIGARETTE PAPERS; and ready made CIGARETTES.

I venture to state that for 10 cents, for 15 cents, for 20 cents, or 25 cents, I can sell as good a cigar as any other man in this tax-ridden country; and now let the band strike up.

The last style of invitation to take a drink: "Come out and paint your bugle."

Acute Student loquatur: "Here, you Hubbard! here are ten cigars charged on my bill that I never had, — I won't pay it, — and mighty poor cigars they were too!" Fact.

Before "dropping into poetry," let us mention that the

GLACIER FOUNTAIN,

with glass syrup-vessels and coolers, produces pure COLD SODA. That Hubbard's soda has for years been the favorite drink of Cambridge. That it is as good as ever, and many are they who drink it.

SONG OF SODA, NO. 2.

LET epicures gloat o'er their dishes,
And pour their rich wines in a stream,
But we who have moderate wishes
Shall content us with Soda with Cream.

There are punches of rum and of whiskey,
And claret, held high in esteem, —
Next morning one feels not so frisky,
But longs for "Plain Soda" sans cream.

When the heat and the dust are prevailing,
Hot and thirsty, we have a dim dream,
In fancy our palates regaling
With glorious Cold Soda with Cream!

Then rejoice, all ye lovers of Soda!
That some things are yet what they seem:
There's comfort and coolness in Soda,
In Hubbard's Pure Soda with Cream!

 { OTTAWA BEER
SOLD HERE.

COLLEGE PHARMACY,

Holyoke House,

Harvard Square.

HORACE S. BARTLETT, PROPRIETOR.

LATE WITH CASWELL, HAZARD, & Co., N.Y.

The greatest care used in dispensing Medicines; every prescription proved by another before leaving the premises, thus insuring my patrons against mistakes, often so deplorable in their results.

Constantly on hand, the finest assortment of French, English, and American Toilet Articles, choice Wines and other Liquors, for Medicinal uses; Cigars, Cigarettes, and Smoking Tobaccos.

SODA WATER with the most delicious Cream Syrups, so cold, so refreshing. Give it a trial.
Kissingen and Vichy Water on draught.

NO HUMBUG. NO EXTORTION.

P. S. — All articles usually found in First Class Drug Stores to be had here.

A FULL ASSORTMENT OF

TEXT BOOKS

For Colleges and Schools — American and Foreign Editions. Also the largest variety of

Standard and Miscellaneous Literature.

All offered at a special discount to TEACHERS and STUDENTS, by

NOYES, HOLMES, & CO.,

117 WASHINGTON STREET,
BOSTON.

J. A. RUGGLI,

FASHIONABLE

BOOT & SHOE MAKER,

HARVARD ROW, CAMBRIDGE,

GENTLEMEN'S BOOTS AND SHOES FOR SALE.

All kinds of Repairing done.

FOR SALE.

A PAIR-OAR SHELL, one year old, and in perfect order. Also, English oars for the same. Inquire at Thayer, 25.

Cambridge: Press of John Wilson and Son.

June 21

THE HARVARD ADVOCATE.

VOL. XIII.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., JUNE 21, 1872.

No. X.

CLASS DAY, JUNE 21, 1872.

CLASS AND CLASS-DAY OFFICERS.

<i>Orator</i>	James Holden Young.
<i>Poet</i>	Frank Sumner Wheeler.
<i>Odist</i>	George Homer Tower.
<i>Ivy Orator</i>	Thomas French.
<i>Chaplain</i>	Allen Walton Gould.
<i>Chorister</i>	Louis Henry Parkhurst.
<i>Marshals</i>	{ Henry St. John Smith. Richard Augustine Gambrill. Robert Shaw Russell.
<i>Class-Day Committee</i>	{ William Caleb Loring. George Huntington Gould. William Withington Carter.
<i>Class Committee</i>	{ Pierre Clarke Severance. Charles Amory Williams. Charles Francis Baker.
<i>Class Secretary</i>	Albert Lamb Lincoln.

At 9.30, the Church will be open for those having tickets; no others being admitted until the Class have entered.

At 9.45, the Senior Class assemble in front of Holworthy Hall; march to the Chapel for prayer by the Chaplain; thence to breakfast given by the members of the Signet Society; and from there to the Church, where the exercises will occupy nearly two hours.

From 3 to 5, there will be music on the Green, and dancing in Massachusetts Hall.

At 5.30, the Class will reassemble in front of Holworthy Hall, march through the Yard, cheer the Buildings, plant the Class Ivy, and go through the usual exercises at the Tree, where the Class Song will be sung.

At 5.15, Harvard Hall and Holden Chapel will be open for the entrance of those having seats at the windows.

The entrance to the seats behind Harvard and Hollis Halls will be between Holden Chapel and Hollis Hall.

After the exercises at the Tree, and during the remainder of the evening, a ticket will be required of every gentleman, or of gentlemen accompanied by ladies, entering that portion of the Yard embraced between Hollis, Stoughton, Holworthy, Thayer, and University Halls, and a rope running from the southern end of University to Massachusetts Hall, and thence to the southern end of Hollis Hall.

The entrance to the roped-off portion of the Yard will be in front of Hollis, between Holworthy and Thayer, and at the southern end of University; and no one will be admitted at any other place.

From the close of the exercises at the Tree till 9, the President will receive the Class and their friends at his house.

From 8 to 10, illumination of Holworthy, and the playing of the Band on the Green.

At 8.30, singing of the Glee Club in front of Holworthy.

No person will be admitted to the Church (before the Class), or to the exercises at the Tree, without a reserved seat; and no gentleman to Massachusetts Hall, the President's Reception, or the Yard in the evening, without a ticket.

All Seniors and Students are obliged to have tickets.

All Seniors are requested to appear in dress-suits, hats, white cravats, and white gloves; and they are further reminded that it was decided to avoid any *absurdity* of dress at the exercises at the Tree.

In order to assist the Committee in carrying out their plans, and render the roping in of the

Such is my most mournful story :
 I am Ebenezer Salmon,
 Once a pure, æsthetic 'Portchuck,
 Serving God and hating Mammon.
 Just five minutes since, I swallowed,
 In the phrensy of a sinner,
 Ten full drops of prussic acid,
 With my coffee, after dinner.

G.

EDITORIAL.

Now that we have reassembled after our vacation, and are once more fairly embarked on the river of knowledge which waters this University, and renders it so fruitful in literary excellence; now, with the first number of the *Advocate*, it is proper to pay some tribute to the merits of the Class of '72, which has gone forth, leaving its place to be supplied by a class which, judging from its heroic acts of valor in the savage, barbarous, and inhuman conflicts of the ill-starred "Bloody Monday," embodies in itself the true "spirit of '76." In spite of the arrival of the latter class, the loss of the former is keenly felt in our college world; and as we miss them from their accustomed places, the many pleasant recollections connected with them rise up before our minds. The partings are, and always must be, a sad experience in a college course; but this class, comprising as it did many who by their talents and kindness had rendered themselves universally beloved and respected, leaves behind it regrets not likely to pass away. They have our warmest wishes for every possible success in life, both for their own sakes and for the sake of the "Alma Mater" whose children they are.

And now, as we sit in our editorial sanctum, and gaze with critical eye upon the changes and improvements that have taken place during our absence, the first thing that attracts our attention is the fine condition of the college green; the numerous paths which marred its symmetry have been reduced in number, but there still remains great room for improvement in this respect. The new dormitories too, completing the rectangle and preventing to a certain degree the yard from being the play-ground of the street "gamins," do much by their picturesque

appearance and artistic proportions towards relieving the plainness of their venerable and antique companions. The chapel, we understand, promises to be something gorgeous; but our curiosity has not yet got the better of our instinctive dread of the place; but, alas! we shall soon be forced to study its improvements,—if improvements they be,—and shall have only too frequent opportunities for criticising the changes. Memorial Hall, at least the main part of it, is fast approaching completion, and there seems some hope that the next class-day exercises will be held in that building.

But now, having given the external, let us examine the internal phenomena of the College. We have before us a sheet, nearly a foot square, entitled the Tabular View. It was an old theory of our school instructors, that we learn by our mistakes. This maxim we have always held in doubt until of late, when our experience with this document has impressed its truth firmly upon us. After having been ignominiously hissed out of the recitations of several divisions of the freshman class (we make the "f" small for the purpose of taking our revenge), and having been politely "sot on" by numerous instructors, we have at length succeeded in mastering the intricacies of this mysterious Tabular View. But, seriously, we think that the change which has been brought about in our plan of recitation is a very desirable one, and is a great step in the right direction. Doing away as it does with all class distinctions, and making the College one college, and not a series of distinct divisions of undergraduates, it is a great improvement, and one which has been long needed. Under our old system we resembled a common school; by the new we are, in this particular at least, placed on a level with the English and German Universities.

And now for the most important improvement of all. The *Advocate* has lowered its price. This valuable periodical is now within the means of all, and great results are to be expected from this sacrifice,—for sacrifice it is, inasmuch as by it the editors may lose, alas! their annual supper. The mental culture of the College will, of course, be increased; the number of sub-

scribers increasing; and, in short, the general tone of the students improved. All we ask, in return for our generosity, is "subscribe," and save your editors from starvation.

UNFAIR CRITICISM.

THE *College Courant* of Sept. 28 quotes approvingly an article from the *Penn. Monthly* upon the *Nation*, of the tone of which the following is a fair sample. "The *Nation* is studiously destroying its moral weight by every successive issue. It actually looks upon the present struggle with less fairness, and less of the insight that is born of fairness, than does the *New York Herald*." It proceeds to comment upon the conduct of the paper during the present political campaign in the same illogical and irrational manner. It does not believe that there can be any independent journalism, because, in its opinion, a journalist is bound to a hearty advocacy of some candidate. It saw nothing but "moral insolence" in the opposition of the *Nation* to the renomination of General Grant. Of course no further reply can be made to such reasoning than was possible in the case of the Scotchman, who explained to the judge the disagreement of the jury of which he was a member, by the statement, that there were in that jury eleven of the most obstinate men in the world.

But these strictures upon the political course of the *Nation* only serve to introduce the real nature of the complaint which the *Courant* has to make. In literary and social criticisms, the *Nation* is, we are pained to learn, a comparative failure. Its perverse censoriousness is much to be deplored. Few authors there are who do not get publicly cuffed by its critics. The *Nation* is nothing if not masculine. It has a hulking boy's disgust for girls and women. It is vulgarly witty, and does not treat authors in the sanctum as they would be treated in the editor's parlor at home, which treatment, the *Courant* claims, they may justly demand. And this last we think is a fair summing up of the theory of criticism which the *Courant* has adopted. A man's performance is not to be judged upon its intrinsic merits as a work of art, but the aims

which he proposed to himself, and the motives he had in writing, are to form the basis of criticism. We are to consider first his philosophy of life, and measure his work by this. According to this theory, an author should receive the same amount of coddling in the editorial rooms that he would obtain from his family friends at home. We had, years ago, in this country, a criticism which was founded upon these principles. It was as "tender" and "sensitive" and "appreciative" as the *Courant* could possibly desire. In the palmy days of Willis Gaylord Clarke and Mr. Griswold the flourishing state of our literature was very satisfactory. The number of native writers of unquestioned genius was something really unprecedented. We believe that the bards alone numbered ninety or more. The *Courant* sighs in vain for a return of that golden age of gentle benignity and kindly appreciation. It unfortunately lives forty years too late.

Those days are happily past. We have now a vigorous and effective criticism, which does not sacrifice truth to sentiment, nor substitute fulsome adulation for a just recognition of merit. Reviews of books are no longer the stereotyped glittering generalities that they used to be.

Of the new school the *Nation* is perhaps the most able and efficient representative. Its reviews are characterized by a vigor and a thoroughness which have made its opinions esteemed as much as those of most of the European journals. It has been peculiarly fortunate in dealing with a school of domestic philosophers, of which Mr. Arthur Helps, Mr. George Macdonald, and Dr. Holland are the most distinguished exponents. The kindly confidential relations which these men aim to establish with their readers enables them to palm off their diluted philosophy with remarkable ease. The clear-headed trenchant criticism of the *Nation* strips off this vail of tawdry sentiment, however, and then estimates them at their true value. Perhaps it would be hard to find a more apt illustration of the meaning of the *Nation's* remark about the "profound contempt for the stupidity of men" evinced by very many women, than is afforded by this very article.

THE LESSON OF THE GENEVA ARBITRATION.

THE year 1872 is identified with a triumph of wisdom over strife, which history will point to as the solution of the problem, How shall nations avoid shedding each other's blood? and the proof of this can readily be found in the just settlement of our Alabama claims. Well can the present age appreciate the great progress that has been made. A score of years has witnessed five of the fiercest conflicts known to man: the Crimean, the Italian war of 1859, the American Rebellion, the Prussian-Austrian, and the German-French; and they were participated in by those peoples whose claim to civilization the world most willingly allows. Two of the actors in this drama of blood have thrown aside their weapons, and have found their senses, — the regret can only be that their search was not successful long before. No international dispute was ever attended by such force of passion as that which has been settled at Geneva. The countenance which war meets with from public opinion is due very much to the same causes as the toleration awarded in some countries to duelling.

Duelling is senseless, all admit, though nobody can picture to himself any good way of avoiding it; but let a few men of undoubted honor and courage renounce, or let the law, as in England, rigorously put it down, and the spell is broken, — the practice suddenly becomes ridiculous. If our system of government ever produced an act thoroughly expressive of the desire of the people, independent of all partisan prejudice, the settlement of the Alabama claims according to the treaty of Washington was such a case.

It is to be hoped this lesson regarding war will be learned by all powers throughout the world.

The grand example of England and America ought to familiarize every civilized nation with the idea that there is an honorable way of avoiding such wholesale destruction of life as, until very recently, has been deemed necessary; for the influence of time and sober reason should

establish firmly and finally, that enlightened mankind will have made its greatest stride in the march of improvement, when warfare, the most savage legacy of barbarism now left to civilization, shall be heartily surrendered.

Let not the argument of the opposition press — “that America has been caught in a trap, and that the adopted rules of the treaty are so strict regarding neutrals, that, on account of our immense sea-coast (much exposed because of its size), in case of a general European war we must needs get into trouble” — shake our faith in a creed which our better judgment and humanity teaches us is the true one. And further, general European wars against us are quite unlikely occurrences, and would be about as much to the detriment of Europe as the event of a contest between labor and capital (about which such a great hue-and-cry is being raised in our own community) would prove to workmen, whose rattle-brained champions evidently would have us believe that the two interests are entirely independent.

No: it is folly to attempt to detract from our triumph (for triumph it certainly is) one iota of glory by such arguments as these, and let not the nation forget the debt she already owes, and should some day pay with interest, to Charles Francis Adams.

W. H.

THE BELLE OF HARVARD.

A BELLE is nothing new or rare;
With such one often meets
Amid the numbers of the fair
That promenade our streets.

She moves among the upper ten,
Is hailed by some as queen;
And wins the willing praise of men
Wherever she is seen.

She charms, perhaps with native grace,
Perhaps with foreign art;
Or else it is her lovely face
That gains the common heart.

Yet 'tis not belles like these I sing, —
These belles of every day, —
But one who in her favored ring
Reigns more supreme than they.

She is not graceful and *petite*,
Her form is not divine;
Her lips, — but few would call them sweet,
Or for her kisses pine.

She is not beautiful and blond,
Nor lovely and brunette;
Her hair, though some of each are fond,
Is not of gold or jet.

One often finds a captive crowd
Charmed by a voice alone;
But hers for sweetness is too loud,
With too much monotone.

She deems herself more noble born
Than are the common sort,
And looks with ill-dissembled scorn
On maidens from the Port.

Her arts are tried on clerks in vain,
No countrymen adore;
But tutors follow in her train,
And students by the score.

And many times the student mind
Will sacrifices make;
Unwilling to be left behind
In toiling for her sake.

For her he leaves his loved cigar,
His friends, his pleasures all;
Yes, even takes the midnight car
To wait her morning call.

She is not jealous of the best
Among the reigning belles,
But knows her charms surpass the rest
Alike with digs and swells.

As ne'er did man from every class
Before on one agree,
So never was a winsome lass
As free to all as she.

Thus year by year she chains our heart,
This universal belle;
Yet few would tear these bonds apart,
Or break her mystic spell.

T. C. P.

At a meeting of the Freshmen held Tuesday, Oct. 9, in Upper Hall of University, Mr. Hodges was elected Captain of their future crew, and Mr. Ernst Captain of their Nine. Great enthusiasm was manifested during the meeting.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE are gratified to be able to state that there are quite a large number of students within our walls, who regard the editorial board of the *Advocate* as the seat of all true wisdom. This fact has become patent to us by our receipt, at various times, of a large number of questions, relating to every department of life, and investigating every theory of science. Thus far we have endeavored to answer all such questions by private interview; but at the beginning of this term we have been so flooded with interrogations of every description, that we have decided to establish a column of "Answers to Correspondents," subject to the following rules: 1st. We cannot undertake to answer anonymous questions; the name, address, and a certificate of the good character of the questioner must accompany every communication. 2d. We refuse absolutely to answer questions about the private life of professional ladies. 3d. Questioners must show us satisfactory proof that they are regular subscribers to the *Advocate*. 4th. Any objections to the tone or matter of our answers must be addressed to the Fighting Editor, and, if possible, must be made *in person*. No one else can be made responsible for them.

We must ask questioners to select signatures of sufficient individuality, to avoid all confusion in the answers. We cannot spare the space for publishing the questions.

Below will be found such answers as we have been able to prepare in time for the present number.

A. Z., and seventeen others, signed '74. — We must call your attention to rule II. above. You had better ask the ladies yourselves. Address, care of W. K. Floyd, Esq.

"Mirror," '76. — Ethics is a *practical* science.

K., L., T., B., J., and others, '73. — You have not passed your rhetoric condition. We prefer breech loaders, but if you intend shooting from a boat, it makes little difference. During October, duck-shooting is more satisfactory in this neighborhood.

H. P. C. — The Secretary and two members are still in town. Meetings are held as usual.

M—, '75.—It was wrong in the Freshman to kick you, if, as you say, you treated liberally; but we should not advise you to go to his room without a crowd.

Ver. '76.—There is no Assistant-Dean. The elderly gentleman who reprimanded you has no legal authority over the undergraduates.

S— M—, '74.—There is from four to twelve per cent of alcohol in beer. You should not have drunk the whiskey immediately after it.

"Ixion," '73.—Your question almost comes under rule II. However, we believe the exact height is 6 feet, 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

"Thayer Club."—The spectrum you describe shows the presence of large quantities of Ca S O_4 . It is a cheap mineral, much used in such adulterations.

P—, '75.—Proctors at the English Universities are *not* armed.

"Romulus and Remus."—The new English pair-oars are not rowed with both oars on the same side. At Yale they are using single sculls for catching soft-shell crabs.

Edax, '76.—The Thayer Club does not meet in Thayer Hall. Indeed, if it undertook to feed a person of your appetite at \$2.00 a week, it could not meat at all.

"Philol."—The building is so named because the President's cows used to *graze* there.

W—, '74.—You should not have winked at her, if you had not been introduced. She was quite right in slapping you.

N—, '74.—It is not true that several members of your class refused to sign the temperance pledge.

"Robur," '76.—You might with a brick. But we advise calmness and persuasion at first.

D—, '76.—We have examined the statutes at your request. There is nothing requiring a Freshman in the last car to pay the fares of upper classmen. The gentleman of '75 who induced you to do this must have been misinformed. The Steward, however, declines to refund your expenditure.

Rusticus, '75.—The undergraduates, whom you saw gathering insects in the neighborhood of Lawrence Hall, were not necessarily members of the Cricket Club, but more probably belonged to the Natural History Section.

Two editors have been detailed for this new department, and as we go to press they are hard at work on answers for our next number. We are prepared to hold the stakes in any wagers the decisions of which are submitted to us.

In closing, we must request correspondents not to drop communications into the box in the door of the Dean's office.

BOATING.

THE annual fall meeting of the H. U. B. C. took place Monday evening, Oct. 7th, in the upper hall of Massachusetts, and was one of the most enthusiastic as well as successful meetings on record. The convention was called to order shortly after half-past seven by the President of the Boat Club, Mr. Goodwin, who, after a few brief remarks, first called the attention of the members to the Report of the Treasurer, Mr. Sanger, which in substance amounts to this: The amount collected from rent of rests, theatricals, subscriptions, and yearly assessments, \$1503.63. From this, \$530 had to be paid off for the expenses of the Crew of '71, so that the Boat Club was some \$325 in debt. The Treasurer called attention to the fact that the expenses of the last year's crew amounted to sixteen hundred odd dollars, against \$2,000 for the crew of the year preceding, which proves that the management is in good and economical hands. The Secretary's Report being accepted, Mr. Dana, the Captain of the University Crew, made some earnest remarks, stating the plan of training for the ensuing year, and exhorting every one to work earnestly and zealously. He said that the men were willing to work with all their might and main, but that they could accomplish nothing without money; he asked every one to assist them as much as they were able in this particular, and in short, if every one would put his shoulder to the wheel, he thought that they would come out all right.

Officers of the clubs were next balloted for, with the following result:—

<i>President</i>	WENDELL GOODWIN, '74.
<i>Vice-President</i> . . .	H. L. MORSE, '74.
<i>Secretary</i>	J. J. MINOT, '74.
<i>Treasurer</i>	L. W. CLARK, '75.

Several graduates were here called upon for advice. Mr. Fenno, being the first speaker, said that if we had our hearts well in the work, and the boating men were willing to work hard, as Mr. Dana declared, that we had the true foundation for success; but, in addition, we should attend carefully to our class races, and see that we had good material to fall back on in

case of any accident to a member of the University, and by all means to form a crew early in the autumn. He added that we had no reason to be discouraged, but should remember that the disastrous defeats in '64 and '65 were but the preludes to a series of victories which any College might be proud of. Mr. Roberts, of '71, followed Mr. Fenno. He said that the graduates were willing to do their best to assist the College, and that they hereby offered a cup, to be rowed for somewhere between the tenth and twentieth of November by crews selected a week or so beforehand by duly appointed captains; the idea being to get another season in which to try men for the University, and then work them through the winter. At the same time he challenged the present University Crew to row a race against a crew composed of graduates on the same day as the fall races, which challenge was immediately accepted by Mr. Goodwin in behalf of the University. Mr. Roberts and the other speakers were warmly applauded. Mr. Goodwin, in accepting the challenge of the graduates, warmly thanked them on behalf of the Boat Club for the interest they so liberally manifested in their success.

Mr. Russell, '72, next made a short but pithy speech. Mr. Stone, '73, and Mr. Sanger, '74, were here chosen delegates to the Annual Boating Convention. Mr. P. C. Chandler, the trainer of the Williams Crew, being espied by the President, was called upon. He said that he was afraid, from the numbers and enthusiasm of those present, that Harvard would win in the coming regatta.

A vote was next taken on whether the Boat Club was in favor of having the crew chosen from all departments of the University, or from the undergraduates only, and the decision was for the latter.

The meeting, as we have said, was one of the most enthusiastic we have ever witnessed, and seems really to show that we are at last wide awake to the fact that to win we must work, and work, above all things, together; that for Harvard to regain the place which we all most earnestly desire she should hold, we must follow out the principle of the old Roman fable of the

body and the members, and by giving to the crew our cordial sympathy and support, imbue them with new strength, the result of which will be seen next year in a victory which will retrieve our past ill success, and restore to Harvard the position she so long held, and of which she was so justly proud. Before concluding, we feel it to be but just that we, as the organ for the expression of college feeling, should offer to our Captain, Mr. Dana, our warmest thanks for the skill and energy with which he managed the crew during the past year; and, further, to express the gratitude felt by the entire College for every member of the crew who worked so well for our beloved University.

CRICKET.

At a meeting of the Cricket Club held Tuesday, Oct. 1, Mr. C. T. Buffum, '74, was elected to fill the position of vice-president, the other officers being the same as those of last year. We have been requested to give notice, that, in conformity with a vote of the Club, "the money which was subscribed last June, to help defray the expenses of the Eleven on their proposed trip to New York, will be refunded to those subscribers who desire it," upon their calling at Holworthy 15.

AMONG the records of the past summer's exploits we find that Harvard has led the way for Americans up the Jungfrau, one of the more difficult of the mountain ascents of Switzerland. Messrs. Deming, Orator of '71, Young, Orator of '72, and Hutchins, of '72, with their guides, formed the party. They are also the first Americans who have ascended the Matterhorn, whose summit Tyndall tried three times in vain to reach. The Finisteraarhorn and other peaks have also submitted to their endeavors.

It is with great pleasure that we announce to our subscribers that Professor Laufer has resumed his courses in conversational French at Cambridge, and is ready to give instruction to single pupils or classes. We speak from experience when we state that students desirous of learning to talk French cannot find a better or more agreeable instructor than Professor Laufer. Address Prof. Laufer, Acron Street, Boston Highlands.

HARVARD ADVOCATE.

*Published every alternate week of the College year by
the Students of*

HARVARD COLLEGE.

TERMS. — \$1.50 per volume of ten numbers in *advance*. Single copies 15 cents.

For sale at Richardson's College Bookstore, Harvard Square; at Loring's and at A. Williams & Co.'s, Boston; and at Hoadley's Yale Depot, New Haven.

Subscriptions may be paid at Richardson's, or by letter addressed to "Harvard Advocate, Cambridge, Mass." To this address literary communications also should be sent.

CONTENTS.

VOL. XIV., No. I. — OCTOBER 11, 1872.

	PAGE
The 'Portchuck's Tale	1
Editorial	2
Unfair Criticism	3
The Lesson of the Geneva Arbitration	4
The Belle of Harvard	4
Answers to Correspondents	5
Boating	6
Cricket	7
The Blue and the Gray	8
Song	8
Ourselves	9
List of Freshmen	9
List of Officers of College Organizations	10
Base Ball	11
Musical Notice	11
Exchanges	11
Atoms	12

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

THE fight had ceased, and o'er the field of slaughter
Came slowly down the night,
To cover with her veil a scene of carnage,
Too sad for mortal sight.

Beside a brook which yesterday ran sparkling
Athwart its pebbly bed,
But now, impeded with the dead and dying,
Flowed sluggish on and red,

Beneath a willow's faint and shattered branches,
Like a deep mourning veil,
That hides the sad tears of some weeping mother,
Sad tears of no avail,

The pale moon shining on their upturned faces,
Close side by side there lay
Two soldiers of the fierce contending legions, —
The blue beside the gray.

Two college chums were they; but when stern Sumter
Sent forth th' alarum gun
That roused a nation to fierce strifes and conflicts,
Armed father against son,

They quarrelled — parted. Each made haste to answer
His party's call to fight;
Each echoing from his heart the patriot's motto,
I battle for the right.

Here they had met, here death had struck them, bringing
Back with that stroke the love
That, dimmed a moment 'mid life's toils and struggles,
Would brighter burn above.

Around lay thickly piled the dead and dying,
Friend — foe — in one sad heap;
The conflict's frown still rested on their foreheads,
Their eyes still glared in sleep.

But on the faces of those two fair sleepers
Lay that sweet smile of peace,
Which God sends down to bless the good, the righteous,
That peace which ne'er shall cease.

c.

SONG.

[The following was written many years ago at the request of an English peeress, who was dissatisfied with the words published with the beautiful air, "The Danube River." The thought was suggested by a conversation held just before between the lady, her son (a young officer of 19), and the author.]

WE talked of love: he said 'twas all
A wild and fond delusion;
A shifting scene of empty forms
In folly and confusion.
Full well, said he, the world they knew
Who gave this solemn warning, —
"Love is the siren song of night,
That dies before the morning."

We dream, said he, of lovely maids,
And fancy we adore them;
Of us, we hope, some kindred dream
Flits tenderly before them.
But ah! too soon in waking hours
The falsehood we discover,
Full many a dream has filled their brain,
But 'twas not of their lover.

So let it be! my soul would fain
Sink in love's sleep Elysian;
Though false the charm, still let me gaze
On some fair loving vision.
Thus all the truths, though hard and stern,
My waking hours may number,
Shall fly forgotten 'mid the joys
Of love's ecstatic slumber. '59.

OURSELVES.

IF anybody rashly imagines that the *blasé* young critics, who are wont both at home and abroad calmly to point out the numberless errors marring the theory and practice of this College, have no grounds nor authority for their criticisms, he certainly mistakes. Our academic Alcibiades has much reason for wearying of his slow compeers, and may with justice pride himself on his worldly wisdom. We definitely settled some time ago, moreover, that the prayer-system was a failure, and proved that four hundred marks was a maximum too small to warrant suspension. In some of our instructors, too, Mr. Grundy has discovered signs of glaring inefficiency, sir, which should not be tolerated in an institution of this magnitude, and these pretensions! In fact, there seem to be as many flaws in our government as are supposed to exist in the present national administration.

Most of such talk is generally true beyond denial. There are cracks even in the Pyramids. The cobbler could teach an artist the cut of a shoe. But there be limits; and before we venture totally to annihilate the plan and structure of this University by our well-aimed blows of logic, let us consider ourselves awhile. Criticism, as well as charity, should begin at home; and it may fairly be asserted that, as a body, we fellows are not up to the standard. We ought to leave these walls with an added capacity for culture, and with some solid possession of it. The average graduate, however, is a good-hearted fellow enough, yet having only a superficial gloss of knowledge, which usually wears away in the lapse of a couple of years, at the expiration of which — as the saying is — he could not master even the entrance examinations. And further, which is a matter of greater

concern, he is generally lacking in that acquirement of *system*, which, after all, is the most important attainment we can make while here.

The aim, also, of the average student is to have a good time, wherein he will nearly always succeed. A truer thing was never uttered than the stricture so often passed, "Harvard is very hard to enter, but comparatively easy to worry through." And of this fact we are not slow to take advantage — or disadvantage, perhaps. The spirit which ruled us last year, in particular, was a fondness for sports; a weakness for the attractions of clubs and societies; a tendency Bostonward, — any thing but a desire for intelligent scholarship. We had too much society, and too little solitude; and while we rejoiced in our busy life, and in our days crowded with novel experiences, often we forgot that it was the results of the closet that would ensure us progress. Nor can we doubt that the value of our college associations will be rendered worthless, without some memorial of them more precious than merely pleasant hours. We shall surely wish for something else besides leaves.

Finally, if any thing which has been censured herein is really faulty, the remedy is easy to be found, for it lies where the evil exists, — in ourselves.

"P. A."

LIST OF FRESHMEN.

WE regret that this list is so incomplete; but we would call attention to the fact that a complete Directory of all the departments of the University is shortly to be published, which no student can do without.

Abercrombie, D. W. 26 Brattle Sq.	Blymyer, G. G. 12 Bow Street
Amory, H. M. 19	Bolan, J. C. S. 4
Andrews, W. S. H'ke. 24	Bond, A. L. C. 54
Bacon, D. C. M. 43	Botume, J. F. W. 35
Baldwin, J. R. H. 1	Bowditch, A. W. 46
Barnes	Boynton, W. E. W. 20
Barrett, C. D.	Bradford, G. H. W. 45
Barrett, E. W. C. 23	Bradley, R. S. M. 9
Barrows, C. H. T. 63	Bradley, W. M. C. 63
Bell, C. J. W. 19	Brown, H. H. S. 3
Bellamy, C. J. T. 28	Brownlow, W. A. 16 Perry Street
Bennett, M. P. T. 30	Bullard, T. H. C. 38
Berry, J. K. C. 7	Burbank, W. H. 22 Church Street
Bicknell, E. W. 51	Burnham, F. W. 351 Harvard St.
Blaine, W. W. 18	Chapin, F. W. C. 28
Blandy, F. A. W. 38	Chase, F. E. M. 9
Blymyer, C. A. 12 Bow Street	Chase, W. L. Holmes Place

Cleaves, J. E. H. 19	Long, G. A. W. 45
Clymer, W. B. S. M. 51	Longfellow, A. W. 39 Brattle St.
Collins, W. S. M. 39	Lowell, P. M. 19
Culbreth, R. S. D. 28	Lufkin, W. E. M. 38
Cumming, G. M. M. 54	Lynn, M. E. M. 11
Curtis, R. W. 52 Brattle Street	MacArthur, F. T. 28
Davenport	McDuffie, F. W. 26
Davis, E. W.	McMartin, D. C. 28 Dunster St.
Davis, W. H. 20	Macy
Dexter, O. P. 100 Mt. Auburn St.	Manning, L. J. 40 Winthrop St.
Dickinson, C. A. W. 9	Marcou, P. B. 4 Garden Street
Dillon, A. R. S. 16	Martin
Drew, F. H. 95 Mt. Auburn St.	Mason, W. H'ke. 36
Dubois, L. G. M. 2	Meeks, O. W. M. 11
Duff, W. F. W. 23	Mercur
Eddy, A. S. E. Somerville	Miller, L. V. H'ke. 43
Eldridge, G. H. T. 46	Mills, H. R. C. 70
Ernst, H. C. G. 4	Minot, F. T. 66
Finck, H. T. 17 Dunster Street	Minot, R. S.
Fisher, S. T. W. 50	Moody
Flint, J. H. C. 42	Morgan
Fuller, A. O. 13 Hilliard Street	Morris, T. H.
Gaff, T. T. W. 14	Morris, W. R.
Gardiner, R. H. S. 19	Morse
Giles, G. L.	Newbury
Giles, J. E.	Nichols
Gopsill, J. G. H'ke. 19	Nickerson
Gove, W. H. H. 1	Oliphant
Grandin, E. H. 10 Appian Way	Olmsted
Green, F. L. C. 20	Osgood
Green, G. W. W. 44	Otis
Green, H. M. 54	Parker, E. E.
Griffin, F. W. C. 23	Parker, H.
Guild, R. W. M. 20	Peckham
Hall, E. C. H. 20	Peirce
Hapgood, J. M.	Perry, N. W.
Harding, E. H. H'ke. 47	Pine
Harlow	Porter
Harris, A. B. H'ke. 46	Potter
Harrison, E. P. 20 Berkeley Street	Richards, D. J.
Hasbrouck, R. H'ke. 37	Richards, W. P.
Hatch	Riggs
Hinkley, H. W. 50	Robinson
Hoar, D. B. 8 Holyoke Street	Roman
Hoar, R. T. 67	Sargent, G. A.
Hobson, H. D. M. 23	Sargent, H.
Hodges, C. F. W. 44	Seligman
Holman, J. C. 140 N. Avenue	Sherwood
Hooper, H. N. C. 34	Sleeper
Humason, W. L. T. 15	Smiley, W. H. Boston
Hundley	Steele
Isham, C. H'ke. 41	Stetson
Ives, G. B. G. 25	Stevens
Jackson, O. R. W. 51	Stickney, C. W. C. 10
Jacobs, G. E. T. 15	Stiles, S. B. C. 42
Jaques, H. P. M. 15	Stimson
Jecko, S. H. 3 Linden Street	Strong, C. P. M. 39
Jones, A. H. C. 63	Talbot, I. L. 39 Brattle Street
Joy, G. W. T. 37	Tappan, W. W. 12
Kebler, C. A. G. 20	Taylor, N. A. Somerville
Kendall, W. M. 87 Inman Street	Thomas, I. W. 22
Kerr	Thomas, G. M. 17
Kidder, F. H. H. 19	Thompson, N. A. M. 43
Kip, W. F. H'ke. 20	Thomson, A. L. M. 36
Kittredge, S. D. M. 21	Thwing, C. F. W. 9
Lee, E. C. G. 44	Twombly, A. B. M. 18
Lefavour, E. B. 16 Winthrop St.	Tyng, J. A. 12 Mason Street
Leland, W. D. M. 15	Van Duzer
Livingood, F. S. W. 4	Ward, G. C. 49 Linnæan Street

Ware, C. E. S. 19	Wheelwright, J. T. W. 37
Welch, J. E. C. 8	Wheeler, A. A. M. 23
Weld, W. F. M. 12	Wheeler, K.
Wellman, F. L. W. 1	Wiggins, J. H'ke. 46
Wells, B. W. G. 16	Williams, T. C. C. 1
Wendell, B. M. 16	Wills, W. J. 58 Garden Street
Wetherbee, A. H. H. 3	Winslow
Wetherbee, J. E. G. 30	Witherlee, C. B. G. 29
Wheelwright, E. M. M. 37	Woodberry, G. E. C. 31

LIST OF OFFICERS

OF COLLEGE ORGANIZATIONS FOR THE PRESENT
HALF-YEAR.

SOCIETIES.

H. P. C.

President	D. L. PICKMAN.
Vice-President	R. DICKEY.
Secretary	CHAS. A. PRINCE.
Treasurer	M. H. SWETT.
Librarian	J. E. GARLAND.
Chorister	T. N. SWIFT.

O. K.

President	ERNEST YOUNG.
Secretary	A. L. WARE.
Treasurer	R. DICKEY.
Librarian	H. G. HUBBARD.

SIGNET.

President	ERNEST YOUNG.
Secretary	H. G. HUBBARD.
Treasurer	W. T. BARKER.

II. H.

President	J. F. SIMMONS.
Vice-President	F. A. HUBBARD.
Secretary	R. W. WILLSON.
Treasurer	E. D. BETTENS.

INSTITUTE.

President	V. T. BOWDITCH.
Vice-President	F. R. APPLETON.
Secretary	L. W. CLARK.
Treasurer	B. F. CURTIS.

MUSICAL SOCIETIES.

PIERIAN SODALITY.

President	W. RAYMOND.
Secretary	F. CUNNINGHAM.
Treasurer	PAUL DANA.
Director	M. H. RICHARDSON.

GLEE CLUB.

President	F. G. FINCKE.
Vice-President	R. H. DANA.
Secretary	H. W. BROUGHTON.
Treasurer	F. H. LOMBARD.
Director	E. SZEMELNYI.

OWING to mistakes discovered too late to re-write the article, our account of the Springfield Regatta will not appear until the next number.

BASE BALL.

BELOW we give the averages of the Harvard Base Ball Club for the past season. It was a time of glorious success for Harvard, crowned as it was by her victory in the series with Yale; and we can only wish her like success in her future campaigns.

SCORES IN GAMES PLAYED.

Opponents.	Harvards.	Opponents.
1. Bostons, of Boston	8	16
2. Tufts, of Medford	23	11
3. Actives, of Quincy	35	6
4. Bostons, of Boston	2	12
5. Bostons, of Boston	1	7
6. Bostons, of Boston	2	26
7. Tufts, of Medford	51	14
8. King Phillips, of Abington	17	7
9. Yale, of New Haven	32	13
10. Yale, of New Haven	19	17
11. King Phillips, of Abington	17	5
Total	207	134

	Games.	Outs.	Av. Outs.		Runs.	Av. Runs.
1. White . .	11	26	2.36	1. White . .	31	2.81
2. Reed . .	10	25	2.50	2. Kent . .	14	2.80
3. Kent . .	5	13	2.60	3. Eustis . .	20	2.50
4. Chisholm .	8	21	2.62	4. Tyler . .	23	2.30
5. Tyler . .	10	30	3.00	5. Reed . .	22	2.20
6. Estabrooks .	9	28	3.11	6. Estabrooks .	19	2.11
7. Annan . .	10	32	3.20	7. Annan . .	19	1.90
8. Eustis . .	8	27	3.37	8. Goodwin . .	15	1.50
9. Goodwin .	10	37	3.70	9. Chisholm .	8	1.00
	Strikes.	1st Bases.	Av. 1st B.		T. B.	Av. T. B.
1. White . .	61	244	.401	1. White . .	45	.737
2. Eustis . .	49	184	.377	2. Eustis . .	28	.571
3. Tyler . .	61	19	.311	3. Chisholm .	18	.461
4. Chisholm .	39	12	.307	4. Goodwin . .	19	.339
5. Kent . .	32	9	.281	5. Tyler . .	20	.327
6. Reed . .	57	144	.254	6. Estabrooks .	15	.300
7. Goodwin .	56	14	.250	7. Reed . .	15	.263
8. Estabrooks .	50	114	.230	8. Annan . .	14	.241
9. Annan . .	58	13	.224	9. Kent . .	10	.217

MUSICAL NOTICE.

THE Class of '72, in graduating, has left several vacancies in the Glee Club. It is the wish of the present members to fill these vacancies as speedily as possible. In order to

this, they invite all those students who are interested in singing, and desirous of promoting the success of the musical societies in College, to meet them at their rooms at seven o'clock on the evening of Monday next, or of any succeeding Monday.

EXCHANGES.

THE *Galaxy* for October contains a sketchy article upon *Our Consul at Jerusalem*, from which it would appear that the chief business of that functionary is to smoke and think of nothing. *Foreign Modes of Living* will repay a half hour's leisure. It is difficult to understand, however, whether the author designed to interest house-keepers, or to induce young men contemplating matrimony to emigrate to Europe. *The Truth of a "Great Lawsuit"* is a succinct and careful résumé of the famous Albany and Susquehanna Railroad case, and of the voluminous literature which has appeared upon it. The writer is very severe in his criticisms upon Judge Black, and upon Mr. Field, for the want of fairness displayed by them in their discussions of this subject. The impeachment and removal of Judge Barnard will go far with most people toward substantiating these charges. Our junior friends will find an interesting, and, in the main, accurate account of the reform in the papacy during the eleventh century, in Mr. De Forrest's article. They must not, however, accept his statements too implicitly. The short stories are all good, as are the poems, the best of which is *Love and Fame*, which is an almost perfect piece of word-painting.

The chief item of interest at Yale is the appearance of a new weekly journal, called *The Record*. It originated in a quarrel between the publishers of the *Courant* and the Board of Editors from '72. At a general meeting of the undergraduates held about July 1st, the matter was brought up, and it was resolved to establish a new paper. The Board of Editors from '73, already chosen for the *Courant*, resigned their positions, and were immediately elected to take charge of the new paper. To the Board were added two editors from '74 and one from '75. The new paper met with a very cool reception from the *Yale Lit.* and the *College Courant*, who claim that the manner of its establishment was irregular and unfair toward the publishers of the *Courant*. Be this as it may, the new paper deserves great credit for the manliness and temperance of its tone toward the other college papers. It presents a very neat typographical appearance. We cordially wish it success.

The *Yale Lit.* can no longer complain that the *Virginia University Magazine* is dull since it is not vituperative. Our venerable friend has buckled on its

armor once more and entered boldly into the fray. We are grieved to learn that it is the pronounced opinion of "every college periodical in the country, that the editors of the *Advocate* have always been the poorest as well as the most presumptuous critics, and the *Advocate* the dullest, most senseless, and insipid of college journals." Our readers will lament with us the lack of the "inward-heaven born tendency, to some degree the 'Apollo-s(c)ent (?) — upon him,'" which (whatever it may be) so graces the columns of the *Mag*. Will not their "Satis" kindly spare some of his? We are truly grateful that it has thus far refrained from "slapping the thing out of existence entirely."

The Yale *Courant* has passed into the hands of new editors, who it is safe to say will do little towards sustaining the enviable reputation which the *Courant* has had for fairness and impartiality. The position it has taken toward the new paper is an entirely unwarrantable one, and its vituperative personalities would disgrace any partisan political paper in the country. The entire college press will, we are sure, unite with us in deprecating the display of such feeling in any college journal. It speaks of the *Record* as an "ill-favored bastard, conceived in hate, and brought forth by wire-pulling," and refers to it constantly as "Hoadley's Organ."

The last number of the Yale *Courant* for the college year of 1872 contained a long review of the *Advocate's* objections to the *Courant's* account of the last game of the series between the Ball Nines. The article was written in a very temperate manner, apologizing for its former attacks upon the fairness of Mr. Cone. It expresses its hearty regret that so childish a controversy should have arisen between the two papers, in which we cordially join, with the qualification, however, that it was a controversy forced upon us, and which we could not well avoid, as the acknowledgments of the *Courant* plainly prove.

The *University Herald* is the name of a new journal started at the University of Syracuse. It presents a very neat appearance and promises well; but we must beg leave to caution it against the assumption it evidently makes, that because it is new all else is. From it we obtain the rather remarkable information that "ten years ago a college paper edited and published by students was a rare sight, if indeed any existed."

Politics are lively at Cornell. Grant and Greeley clubs have been organized with large memberships. The *Era* has a savage leader against the *Tribune*, from which we infer that the *Era* has "come out" for Grant.

The Yale *Courant* evidently has a quarrel of the first magnitude on its hands with the *Lit*. It proposes to "galvanize that bloated corpse" and "light up its pages with the flash of intellect by means of caustic criti-

cism." It is also going to pinch the little bubble of one of the editors of the *Lit*.; said bubble being, we are informed, "radiant now with all the hues of folly, ignorance, and conceit."

The Yale *Record* is nothing if not magnanimous. The first article of the first number is a jubilant glorification of the victory of Amherst at the regatta, which closes with the statement that

"Contempt for smaller colleges died
When Amherst won the race."

Considering the position of the Yale boat, such generosity seems peculiarly becoming.

A Senior at Yale wanted to room in college during the summer so badly, that he paid five dollars per day for the privilege.

Some Juniors at Yale flirted most desperately with the Japs during their recent visit, under the impression they were ladies.

A member of the late University Crew was trying the other day with questionable success to smoke an asthmatic pipe, when he remarked that it blew better than it pulled. "Yes," replied a scientific, "I have known some people who blew better than they pulled." Member of University Crew was silent. — *Courant*

ATOMS.

SCENE. — Springfield, during the late regatta.

Young Lady (with prominent Yale colors, to friend adorned ditto). — "Well, I don't care if Yale comes in last, provided she beats Harvard."

Query. — Where's poor Harvard?

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 7, 1872.

To the Editors of *Harvard Advocate*.

DEAR SIRS, — It is with deep regret that I inform you of the unjust suspension of Mr. Atom, for contumacious behavior. Mr. A. was the well-known author of numerous *jeux d'esprit* and *bons mots* which have appeared from time to time in your columns. On last Monday night he was suddenly captured by a burly proctor, armed with a "brier" wood billy, as he was being mauled by a blood-thirsty Freshman. He felt for a while "buoyed" by the thought that his virtue would protect him; but all in vain. He is now bewailing his lot in some rustic wild. Previous to his suspension, on opening his summons to the Dean, he declared, with tears in his eyes, that it was one of the most *harrissing* notes he ever received.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

MOLECULE.

We notice that Mr. Richardson has undertaken the second-hand book business. Students are sure of courteous and just treatment with Mr. Richardson.

HATTERS TO THE UNIVERSITY.
—
JACKSON & CO.,
HATTERS & FURRIERS,

ALBION BUILDING,

No. 59 Tremont Street, Boston,

HAVE ISSUED THEIR

Young Gents' Silk Hats;

ALSO, SOLE AGENTS FOR

DUNLAP'S AND AMIDON'S
NEW YORK HAT.

Price \$9.00.

THE FINEST AND LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF IMPORTED

FOUVIN'S KID GLOVES,

CANES, NATURAL STICKS,
SILK UMBRELLAS, NOBBY SOFT HATS,
HAMMOCKS, HAT BRUSHES, &c.

N.B.—Particular attention paid to getting up

COLLEGE CAPS:

Our SILK GOSSAMER HAT made to order by
CONFORMATEUR.

JACKSON & CO.,

ALBION BUILDING,

59 Tremont Street, Boston.

J. A. JACKSON.

W. H. HOLLOWAY.

JOHN G. CALROW,
TAILOR,

85 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON,

Opens a full supply of

Rich and Elegant Goods, Stylish in every particular.

In commencing the ensuing season, we have made ample arrangements to fill all orders with promptness, and shall endeavor to merit a continuance of the patronage which has been so kindly bestowed upon us. Our prices will be found full 20 per cent less than any other first class house in the city. Quality of work and style equal to the best.

FULL DRESS SUITS, made of the finest French and German Cloths and Doeskin, *silk lined*, and Inner Vest included, for \$55, as good as can be sold for \$70 or \$80, anywhere else.

Gents who are desirous of saving a few dollars and get equally as good Goods, Trimming, Style, and Workmanship, will please call upon us. We also keep a choice and elegant assortment of

TIES, SCARFS, CRAVATS, GLOVES, COLLARS,

and all the little Fancy Articles usually required to complete the toilet, styles which can be found nowhere else.

CHANGE IN BUSINESS.

ROBERT BACON & CO.,

Having, for nearly sixteen years, been engaged in the Men's Furnishing Goods business, including the manufacture of Shirts, Collars, &c., are now closing out their stock of

UNDERWEAR, HOSIERY, GLOVES, FANCY
SILK NECK-WEAR, &c.,

AT COST,

And will, in the future, make

A SPECIALTY

Of the manufacture and sale of

SHIRTS, COLLARS, & CUFFS,

ALSO

Black Neck-Wear in all Styles.

Particular attention given to the manufacture of the same to order.

ROBERT BACON & CO.,

45 WEST STREET, BOSTON.

JOHN W. WHITON,

HOLYOKE HOUSE,

CIGARS,

CIGARETTES,

TOBACCOS,

PIPES, SMOKERS' ARTICLES,

UMBRELLAS AND CANES.

English Hair and Tooth Brushes, Clothes and Hat
Brushes, Combs, London and Paris Soaps,
Pomades, Hair Oils, Colognes, Toilet
Vinegars, Russia Leather Cigar
Cases, Tobacco Jars, Mantel
Ornaments, &c., &c.

Pipes Repaired and Mounted.

Fine Goods, Reasonable Prices, and the privilege of
Exchange.

BOSTON

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC,

154 Tremont Street.

Instruction given in Singing, Piano, Organ, Cabinet
Organ, Violin, Flute, etc.

CLASSES LIMITED TO FOUR PUPILS ONLY.

Evening Classes are opened in all the above-men-
tioned branches for the especial benefit of the Students
of Harvard College.

Students forming themselves into classes of four can
choose their own hours, either day or evening.

The large new Pipe Organ is now ready for the use
of the Organ Classes.

Concerts, Lectures, classes for reading at sight, etc.,
are free to pupils.

Send for circulars, or apply for particulars to the
Director,

JULIUS EICHBERG,
154 Tremont Street.

Harvard Hair-Dressing Saloon,

Corner Holyoke and Harvard Streets.

T. S. McCOY.

Students accommodated with CLEAN TOWELS and
CLEAN MUGS. Price 15 cents single shave. By the
term or quarter, less.

HOLYOKE GROCERY.

PERRY, TYLER, & CO.,
GROCERS,

AND DEALERS IN

PRESERVES,

PICKLES,

SARDINES,

POTTED MEATS,

CANNED FRUITS,

And every variety of eatables adapted to students' use.

Choice Ales, Cider, Porter, &c.

HOLYOKE HOUSE,

456 HARVARD STREET.

MR. WARREN,

PHOTOGRAPHER,

POST OFFICE BUILDING, CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.,

Offers to the

STUDENTS OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY

In all departments a *Reduction in Prices* for Photo-
graphs from the local rates, and as satisfactory results
as can be procured in the country.

A. E. A. GODEFRIN,
TEACHER OF FRENCH,

58 STUDIO BUILDING,

Corner Tremont and Bromfield Streets, BOSTON.

References.—Prof. H. W. Longfellow; Prof. F. J. Child; Prof. E.
W. Gurney; N. Silsbee, Esq., Treasurer of Harvard University; Chas.
E. Norton, Esq.; C. C. Read, Esq.; A. G. Sedgwick, Esq., Cambridge.

CHAS. F. BELCHER,
CONFECTIONER,
HARVARD SQUARE.

Constantly on hand a large assortment of CAKES,
ICE CREAM, also CANDIES, both French and home
manufacture. *Club Suppers furnished to order.*

W. L. HAYDEN,
Teacher of
GUITAR, FLUTE, PIANO.

*Dealer in Musical Instruments of all kinds,
Music, Books, and Strings.*

Call or send for Circular. 120 Tremont Street, Boston.

JOHN FORD & SON,
PRINTERS,

OVER RICHARDSON'S BOOKSTORE, HARVARD SQUARE.

Special care taken with Printing for College
Societies and Students.

CHAS. E. ELLIOT & CO.,
TAILORS,

Formerly of 25 School Street, having removed to new and commodious chambers at

No. 174 TREMONT STREET,

beg to call the attention of the Students of Harvard to

A Choice Line of Seasonable Goods,

and to their excellent facilities for making up the same. In their new quarters they have superior advantages, as regards light, for the inspection of fabrics, and in fit and style they guarantee satisfaction.

J. A. RUGGLI,
FASHIONABLE
BOOT & SHOE MAKER,
HARVARD ROW, CAMBRIDGE,
GENTLEMEN'S BOOTS AND SHOES FOR SALE.
All kinds of Repairing done.

LOUIS P. OBER,
French Hotel and Restaurant,
4 WINTER PLACE, BOSTON.

TABLE D'HÔTE. — Breakfast at 11 o'clock A.M.; Dinner from 1 till 4 P.M.

TABLE D'HÔTE, 6 P.M.

Meals served at all hours, Day and Evening.

Special attention paid to the accommodation of Parties and Clubs.

CHOICEST FRENCH WINES always for sale, at wholesale and retail, at lowest possible prices.

NEW RESTAURANT.

The subscriber would announce that he has removed from his old stand in Harvard Square, to the spacious building in

BRATTLE SQUARE, ADJOINING BREWER'S BLOCK,

Where he intends to keep a FIRST CLASS RESTAURANT.

Meals at all hours of the day and evening, and at meal hours on Sunday.

N. H. MOORE.

To LET. — A fine Hall for clubs or societies.

B. H. RICHARDSON,
BOOKS, STATIONERY, NEWSPAPERS,
PERIODICALS, &c., &c.

Second-hand College Text-Books Bought and Sold.

FINE CUSTOM
TAILORING.

JAMES TOLMAN,

111 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON,

Invites attention to his stock of goods

FOR GENTLEMEN'S WEAR,

Comprising all the seasonable fabrics for Fall and Winter garments.

All garments are trimmed in a substantial manner, and made by the best workmen; and for

ELEGANCE OF STYLE

AND

EXCELLENCE OF WORK,

Are guaranteed to be equal to those from any other Boston house.

Prices reasonable, and work promptly delivered.

GENTLEMEN having Old Garments can dispose of them to advantage by leaving their orders with

LEVY,

No. 20 Brattle Street (north side).

Clothes Cleaned and Repaired.

Mr. L. has a fine collection of English Engravings for which he will take clothing in exchange.

WHITNEY & WORCESTERS.

Furniture, Feathers, Carpets,
LOOKING-GLASS PLATES, &c.

BRATTLE SQUARE, CAMBRIDGE.

AUGUSTUS A. WHITNEY. C. H. WORCESTER. F. WORCESTER

CARL CHRISTIAN HEINTZEMANN,

TEACHER OF

MUSIC AND GERMAN,

No. 56 Brighton Street, Cambridge, Mass.

TERMS PER QUARTER (24 LESSONS).

Organ	\$25.00
Piano-forte	20.00
Violin	18.00
Cornet	18.00
German	20.00

To Classes of two or more a liberal deduction will be made.

JOHN H. HUBBARD, THE APOTHECARY.

. HIS COLUMN.

THE funny men, one by one, have graduated and gone away. Who now shall write for J. H. H. his column, those jokes and pretty conceits which erewhile did so amuse the collegiate public and bring such custom to the shop? Ah, me! I much do fear that that pen, accustomed but to the writing of bills and mysterious prescriptive signs, must take up a new line. A serious matter demands attention. The following petition is submitted for signature and adoption, without charge:—

To the powers that be,—

We, the undersigned, would respectfully represent that the present method of punishment—suspension—for all offences against the laws and statutes of College has become altogether monotonous and inexpedient. We beg that some torture may be devised more in accordance with the ideas of the age in which we live; or, if it does not seem best to invent new methods, we would humbly suggest that very effective devices were used by the inquisitors of the sixteenth century. Plans and specifications of these machines could, no doubt, be obtained without great expense. To the experiment with these instruments we will willingly submit in preference to these separations from our Alma Mater, with their attendant disadvantages. These are: 1st. The bad tobacco we have to smoke in the remote towns to which we are sent. 2d. The liability which we are open to of injudiciously falling in love with the blooming maidens who infest those bucolic localities. 3d. The pernicious effect which this decimation of good fellows has upon the trade of our friend Hubbard, who, having made much preparation and purchase of desirable goods, needs now to sell them.

Signed, * * * * * And others.

Cigars of every grade, and at low prices, at retail or by the box.

The famous PERSAN and SADOWA CIGARETTE PAPERS, HONRADEZ, CABANAS, and RUSSIAN CIGARETTES.

Green Seal, Lone Jack, Durham, Turkish, and other Tobaccos.

A great variety of Lava and Bisque Match Holders and Tobacco Jars, Cigar Cases in Russet, Russia, and Seal Fur, Playing Cards and Counters (Syn. Chips).

A very fine selection of

Meerschaum Pipes and Cigar Tubes

Of every conceivable style. An experience of over ten years in buying and selling this class of goods justifies me in saying that I know Meerschaum. I import from Paris the celebrated

GAMBIER CLAY BOWLS,

And have now in store a large assortment of them. Finally, every thing usually sold in modern apothecary shops.

SODA WATER AND STAR ALWAYS.

Modesty stands a poor chance in this wicked world of trade.

COLLEGE PHARMACY,

Holyoke House,

Harvard Square.

HORACE S. BARTLETT, PROPRIETOR.

LATE WITH CASWELL, HAZARD, & CO., N.Y.

The greatest care used in dispensing Medicines; every prescription proved by another before leaving the premises, thus insuring my patrons against mistakes, often so deplorable in their results.

Constantly on hand, the finest assortment of French, English, and American Toilet Articles, choice Wines and other Liquors, for Medicinal uses; Cigars, Cigarettes, and Smoking Tobaccos.

SODA WATER with the most delicious Cream Syrups, so cold, so refreshing. Give it a trial. Kissingen and Vichy Water on draught.

NO HUMBUG. NO EXTORTION.

P. S. — All articles usually found in First Class Drug Stores to be had here.

CHAS. A. SMITH & CO.,

MERCHANT TAILORS,

18 AND 20 SCHOOL STREET,

BOSTON,

Respectfully invite the students of Harvard to examine their elegant stock of fine goods adapted to the season, mostly of their own importation, and selected with special reference to young men's tastes, and is believed to be the largest and most stylish assortment of goods ever exhibited by any house in our line in this country. We solicit an inspection of our stock, feeling certain that we can offer special inducements to the College trade.

CHARLES A. SMITH & CO.,

18 and 20 School Street, Boston.

THE NATION.

"The 'Nation' stands on the intellectual level of the best European periodicals."—*London Saturday Review*.

"I regard the 'Nation' as the best journal in America, and not only so, but better, on the whole, than any in England."—*Prof. Goldwin Smith*.

"Its articles have thought in them, and demand it of the reader."—*Prof. James Russell Lowell*

TERMS: \$5.00 per annum; \$3.75 for nine months.

M. H. SWETT, AGENT,

20 Thayer.

Cambridge: Press of John Wilson and Son.

THE HARVARD ADVOCATE.

VOL. XIV.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., OCTOBER 25, 1872.

No. II.

RUSTICATION.

'Twas twilight, and the sun's expiring rays
Were stirring up, as usual, quite a blaze;
With their prismatic colors widely coating
A mountain streamlet on whose breast was floating,
Loaded with ducks, a tubbish-looking scow
Bearing within its antiquated bow
A Senior, paddling, who had failed quite lately
To pass the Rhetoric of Archbishop Whately.

Suspended for a month for this offence,
He, bowed by pangs of burning shame intense,
To banish grief and dry the glistening tear,
Had sought duck-shooting as a panacea.
While in the stern, all feathers, silk, and lace,
Faultless in form, — and, oh, with such a face! —
There sat, as fair as Rachel at the well,
A maiden rusticated from Cornell.

Must deeds so base be chronicled in rhyme!
Could hands so fair commit so foul a crime!
One night, she poured two pails of ice-cold water
On a poor widow's timid Freshman daughter.
Fever set in; the child came near not living.
Our heroine, rusticated till Thanksgiving,
Sought a retreat: they met; their course was run.
She was just nineteen, he was twenty-one.

O Faculties so fond of rustication!
Behold in what an awkward situation
These babes were placed; for, in a town so stupid,
They had to choose 'twixt study and Dan Cupid.
They could not study, and — alas! 'tis true —
Became engaged for want of else to do.
His father was a most aristocratic party;
Hers dealt in pork in distant Cincinnati.

I left our lovers floating in their scow:
She in the stern, the hero in the bow.
Oh, what a chance for some assisting squall
To make a tragedy, and end it all!
Letting, romance-like, the young Senior save
His fair intended from a watery grave;
Or drown them both, and have a moral set
How like they were to R. and Juliet.

Delightful plan! Romantic, startling feast!
They shall not marry; I'll drown one, at least.
So, come, kind squall, my doubting Muse deliver,
Upset the lovers in the rushing river.
Oh, what a situation for a hero, —
A drowning maid in water near at zero!
On, noble youth! hark to the call of duty!
Behold the prize, — a fair Cornelian beauty!

Loudly she cries, in accents wild, to him,
"Help me, my love! you know I cannot swim."
Like mermaid fair, her arms were stretched above her
Towards heaven; her gaze directed on her lover.
Could mortal breast resist such soft appeal?
Has human nature ceased, alas! to feel?
Remorseless thought! the cruel, impious elf
Left her to drown, and only saved himself.

He reached the bank; and pangs of deep remorse
Rush on his soul with overwhelming force.
He too must emulate Leander's name,
And give that stream a Hellespontine fame.
One sigh he heaves, a single sob gulps down;
Then stands resolved to die, — ah, yes! to drown, —
When, to his eyes bedimmed with burning tears,
A floating mass upon the wave appears.

Again puts forth that ancient tubbish scow;
Empty the stern, our hero in the bow,
Resolving, by a species of induction,
Upon the easiest sort of self-destruction.
When from the wave he culls, with studious care,
Two pendent braids of blond and silken hair
(I've acted female parts, and I can tell
That pendent braids don't stick on very well).

These once were hers: but farther on he spies,
With soul bewildered and distended eyes,
Floating, as relics of his dead Eliza,
Six *Posts*, four *Heralds*, and an *Advertiser*;
Three Cornell *Eras*, and, I grieve to state,
Five copies of the *Harvard Advocate*.
These were her bustle. Our young Senior lately
Has passed his hours with his Archbishop Whately.

THE COLLEGE REGATTA.

THE second Annual Regatta of the College Rowing Association occurred July 24, over a course near Springfield; and the result, which bore a striking resemblance to that of the previous year, was a surprise to every one. We saw the crews from two Colleges, the largest and oldest in the boating calendar, beaten by the crew of a College which has never before entered in a University Race, and which, furthermore, at this time was the only one represented by two crews on the river. The incidents connected with the race are so well known that it would be useless to do more than give a simple statement of facts, among which is the one, as clear as it is unpleasant, that we were fairly beaten.

So much dissatisfaction was manifested last year at the selection of the course at Ingleside, that it seems but fair to state that the course chosen this year has, in our opinion, proved generally satisfactory; it being all that can be fairly expected of any straight-a-way course, wide enough for six or eight boats. The accommodation for spectators at either the start or finish is ample, while the various crews can find convenient quarters, and suitable spots for boat-houses along the shore. The river is straight and deep, usually with little current, and as little exposed to the wind as could be expected when we consider its width; so that a little more attention on the part of the New Haven Railroad is alone needed to make the course suitable and convenient, in every respect. The current, though usually slow, was in this particular instance swollen and rapid, owing to heavy rains; and this circumstance will render it almost impossible to compare the time made in different years. The predictions before the race were vague and unsatisfactory. Each crew had a few earnest backers, who from time to time influenced public opinion so much, that their respective crews were the favorites successively; but the choice seemed to rest mainly between Harvard, Bowdoin, and Amherst Agricultural, and Yale. The fact that so many crews—all, except Amherst Agricultural, entered

in university races—were to row over a new course, made it impossible to foresee the result.

The postponement of Tuesday was a great disappointment, especially to the crews; but when the friends of Harvard saw the splendid style in which their men took a practice pull late in the afternoon, they went back to Springfield more confident, although it was whispered that the Amherst crew had been over the course in 16 min. 36 sec., and were going to make it a hard pull for the winner. Still, few thought it possible, and Harvard was the favorite.

On Wednesday morning a light breeze blew down stream, leaving the water in good condition for the Freshmen crews, who were not called into line till ten o'clock; with Brown inside, Sheffield next, and Amherst and Middletown on the outside. Soon after the start, the Sheffield and Amherst boats fouled and locked, leaving to the other crews an opportunity by which Middletown profited, and rapidly drew ahead, gaining a handsome lead, which it maintained by a clumsy but powerful stroke, notwithstanding the utmost endeavors of Amherst, who regained much of her lost ground by fine pulling, and easily took the second position; the boats coming in as follows: Middletown, 17 min. 7 sec.; Amherst, 17 min. 29 sec.; Brown, 18 min. 39 sec.; Scientific, 18 min. 58 sec. On account of the foul, the judges awarded an even second position to Amherst and Sheffield.

Soon after eleven, the gun was fired, and the University crews came into line as follows,—Amherst outside, Williams, Yale, Bowdoin, Harvard, and the Amherst Agricultural inside; but, owing to the delay attending a false start, the boats were not fairly off till 11.50. The crews all made a good start, with the exception of Harvard, who disappointed her friends in this respect. For the first half mile the boats all lapped one another; and during this time Harvard, drawing up from behind, managed to poke her nose a little ahead of the rest. But at this point Bowdoin, by a spurt, gained a boat's length lead, while Amherst Agricultural, Williams, and Yale fell behind. During the third half mile, Amherst, passing Harvard on the further

side of the river, contested for the lead with Bowdoin; while Harvard kept steadily to her forty strokes a minute. Bowdoin, feeling the effects of her continued spurts, gave up the lead to Amherst, and soon dropped behind Harvard. Harvard now crept up till her bow lapped Amherst's stern, thus giving every assurance of victory, when false time in the boat told upon her speed, and Amherst gained a lead which decided the race in her favor. Before the finish, the Agricultural, who had passed Bowdoin, threatened to take the second place, which Harvard prevented by a vigorous spurt. The boats crossed the line in the following order: Amherst, 16 min. 32 sec.; Harvard, 16 min. 57 sec.; Agricultural, 17 min. 10 sec.; Bowdoin, 17 min. 31 sec.; Williams, 17 min. 59 sec.; Yale, 18 min. 13 sec.

The race, as a race, was a great success, satisfying our idea of a College Regatta, in which the crews representing the different Colleges can compete on a fair and equal basis; and the experiment has gone far to dispossess us of the idea that the *quality* of the crew *must* depend on the size of the College.

THE ASCENT OF THE MATTERHORN.

ON Sunday morning, Ned, Deming, and myself held a council of war. We wanted to do some mountain with a big name, — Mt. Blanc or the Matterhorn! We finally decided to try the Matterhorn, then to dismiss our guides, pass in a gentlemanly way along the base of Mt. Blanc instead of over its summit, and seek Geneva. I wish you could see the Matterhorn. It is quite needle-shaped, the upper half so steep that the snow does not lie in slopes on it, as on the other mountains. It is most decidedly up, or most decidedly down, from base to summit. The mountain is 14,785 feet high, higher than the Finster-aarhorn, the highest in the Bernese Overland. We had some doubts about the weather; in fact, I almost wished it would rain. For I kept thinking of that ugly picture that used to hang in Kidder's room at college, of a party

climbing the Matterhorn and the rope snapping; and how the old hill looked when I took a last glance at it from my window before going to bed! The sky was clear, and way up in relief against it was the mountain that had always been the by-word to me of the most dangerous climbing. But I don't want you to think us foolishly rash in this matter. You must remember that we were now good mountaineers; that we had had the best of training, and that we had two well-tried guides, whose extreme carefulness had often made us laugh. We engaged an additional guide, one of the Kimbel brothers, who make the Matterhorn a specialty, and a porter, who had been twice to the top, and who offered to serve in the further capacity of guide as well. Our first day's work was to the hut half-way up the mountain. Monday morning came. It was cloudy. I made up my mind that my business for the day was writing home; but we had barely breakfasted, when we received a message from the guides that the day was to be a fair one. So we strapped up our overcoats and rubber coats, took our gloves, leggings, snow glasses, and pikes, and started. Till afternoon we continued ascending hills covered with pasture lands, until we reached a little lake called the Schwarz See. Near this was a rudely built little chapel, rapidly diminishing; for the guides take a portion of it for fire-wood, when they ascend the mountain. Passing this lake and mounting a grass slope, we struck a long ridge of loose slate-stone stuff. Climbing to the crest of this, we continued ascending it for an hour or more, and then stopped for lunch. We had now reached the mountain proper, and two hours' upward work would bring us to the hut, our resting-place for the night. We reached the hut sometime before sunset, but in reaching it we had a foretaste of our next day's work. Our pikes became a hindrance, for clinging stoutly by the hands was now our only means of support. We struck the edge of a glacier in our ascent, and for about twenty minutes proceeded by steps cut in the ice, and by setting our feet in the snow. Here an incident occurred which is very common in the Matterhorn. I saw the head-guide, Kimbel, duck his head, and at the same time I heard him give a

cry of warning. The next minute, a stone, the size of a foot-ball, came flying from above, over his head, over Ned, who also ducked, but got a graze from it on his forehead; it then struck my left leg lightly, driving me back several feet, but I caught myself on my pike; it then caused Deming and Rubi, who were just rounding a corner, to retreat in a way which was as dangerous to their footing as if the stone had struck them. The Matterhorn, we found, is composed of loose stones: the precipices are all of pieces, and look as if you might tumble them down by pulling out one piece. The melting snow in patches starts a rock, which in its turn starts another, and soon you have a little avalanche of rocks, that whistle and jump through the air in any thing but a pleasant way. The best protection is to crawl under a big rock or precipice, and let them jump over you. This, I think, is the greatest source of danger in ascending the mountain. In our descent the porter was hit by a stone that made him bleed quite badly for a while. Just before reaching the hut, we came to a curious little wall or precipice of rock, a precipice and a corner at the same time. The guides climbed up, then let down a rope which we fastened round each of us by turns, and then partly by clinging and partly by being hauled we scrambled up. The hut we found was, as usual, invisible, until pointed out. It was under an overhanging hill to avoid the avalanches, and looked like a great pile of stones flung together.

.

At four o'clock we were roused. We thought this rather late, having been accustomed on such occasions to be shaken up at two; but the guides informed us that the Matterhorn required the full daylight. We had for breakfast a great bowl of hot black coffee, meat, and bread spread with mingled butter and honey. The bread thus prepared was so palatable that I eat half a dozen big slices. The guides, who had always noticed that I eat but little, remarked that the "Kleiner Herr" had a good "appeteet." We started out thus arranged: The first string which led the way was Kimbel, Ned, then the porter, roped together; then Schlappi, I, Rubi, and Deming.

We left our sticks behind: it was to be tooth and nail work with us. At five o'clock we started up. For an hour and a half it was rapid climbing on very steep rocks; but not very difficult, for our ankles and arms were strong, and the guides had taken the precaution to have our shoes newly shod with long nails. It is surprising on how sloping a rock, and on how seemingly slender a foothold one can stand with these mountain shoes. Shortly after starting, Deming screamed to us to stop and look at the sunrise. It was truly gorgeous. Way below us was a long and wide sea of white clouds entirely covering the lands from sight. The world was asleep beneath this white cover-spread. In the east a great bank of clouds was uplifted against the horizon, and just above this bank the sun had risen, turning it into burning gold. I shall never forget it. The two finest sights by far I have seen in Switzerland have been sunset from the Niesen and sunrise from the Matterhorn. But Schlappi impatiently twitched the rope. What was such a common sight as that to him? At a little after seven we halted, eat a little, and I took a swallow of cognac: the red wine I can't drink, it is like vinegar and dish water. The guides now laid aside the single knapsack they had brought from the hut. We were to start absolutely unencumbered. The top was about an hour and a half more, as it proved; but the summit looked perfectly inaccessible. The first interesting point was the corner at which the fearful accident of 1865 occurred. This, however, we did not know at the time. The rocks becoming too steep, we were obliged to turn slightly to the right and ascend for a short distance a frightfully steep slope of rock basis, covered here and there with thin ice coverings and thin snow. This was the slope down which Lord Francis Douglas, his two companions, and the guide fell four thousand feet: their bodies are in the little church-yard at Lermot. This party it was that first ascended the Matterhorn seven years ago. Up this slope it was necessary to go, in order to surmount a steep bit of rock before us. We stepped carefully, I assure you. If one man slipped, it was more than probable that he would unfoot the rest. First Schlappi stepped, then I

would ask, "Sind Sie fest?" the answer would invariably be, "Ja, sehr fest," then I stepped, and so on. This safely passed, we paused to breathe. I have forgotten to say that we were greatly aided in steadying ourselves by a long whip cord that has been fastened to a rock above by the Matterhorn guides, and dangled over a portion of this dangerous place. A look above showed us two precipices, each with a good rope hanging. They looked formidable, but the rope that hung from each was large and easy to handle, unlike the one we had just used. By depending much on the rope, and trusting less to the places where your feet were placed, you could pass up quite safely. When I was half way up the first place, Rubi for some reason was obliged to alter the direction of the rope: this pulled me to one side, and I was obliged to let go my foothold; but I held myself by my hands, and was safe enough as long as the rope held. Once over these places, our way was tolerably easy. We went up some snow slopes very steep, then along the crest, and soon the highest point was reached. We sat down in a little place hollowed for us in the snow, not too near the edge, for the snow hung over. We then uncorked our bottle of Champagne and drank. You must know that the guides always look for a bottle of champagne from every party that they succeed in conducting to the summit of a mountain. I thought of proposing nine Harvard cheers, but did not; for, to tell the truth, the mountain was not half done. The ascent was difficult, but the descent was still more so. It was on descending that the accident I have mentioned occurred. I thought we had better wait and see whether we broke our necks or not before we cheered. Again, it was bitter cold, our gloves had become wet and then frozen. How my fingers ached! I began to think that I did not care so much for a safe neck as for warm hands. It makes me laugh now to think of it; but every time we got a good footing, and could spare a second, we fell to slapping our thighs in the liveliest way with our hands. In one descent we were obliged to go backwards. This was hard: we could not see well where to put our feet. From the hut to the summit it had taken us three and a half hours:

from the summit to the hut it took us five and a half hours. Just before reaching the hut, Schlappi gave the cry, "*Achtung!*" take care. I heard a jumping and thumping, and looking up saw a dozen good sized stones flying and leaping down the mountain toward us in the most merry and merciless manner. Three of them came toward me, the first gave a good leap just above me, and leaped way over me; so did the second; the third went straight for my head, but I easily dodged it. I have never seen a precipice, slope, or gorge, that made my head think of swimming; but I felt timid enough at the thought of these rolling stones. At the hut I will mention we found a blank book, in which were written the names of those who went up the Matterhorn. They were few, mostly English, with a few Germans; but I noticed no Americans. The name of Rothschild, Vienna, was in it. In the afternoon we reached the foot of the mountain, when we met an Englishman with two guides and a porter coming up. He looked like a good climber; but the following morning he was observed from Lermot by the telescopes to ascend to where he had a good view of the last hour's climb, with its paraphernalia of hanging ropes, &c., and then turn back. Whether from sickness or giddiness of head we do not know. His guides had orders to bring down the blankets from the hut. This then made us the last party who reached the summit this season. It was getting late. We found it very cold as it was, on the summit. Deming and Ned froze the ends of their fingers. It was nothing serious: it only made them great heroes for a little pain. I envied them. I don't know how I escaped unless it was that I took my gloves off. We reached the hut in the afternoon, and Lermot at night. We had a lovely walk from the foot of the mountain to Lermot. We were hardly the least fatigued. Our last and greatest mountain was finished, and now for Geneva and letters from home, and then to Paris.

An irreverent Junior at Shurtleff College shocked his class and the president by talking about the "Septuagint Virgin;" while a Sophomore translated *certem petes finem*, "Pete is sure to find 'em."

THE MIDNIGHT REVEL.

THE pale moon covers the dreamy hills
 With her wavy robe of light;
 And her face with blooming beauty fills,
 As queen of the deepening night.

And ne'er was so fair a coronet
 Upon the brow of an empress set;

Nor ever so bright a retinue
 Their lances of light around her drew.

For over the heavens she reigns alone,
 While her lord to his far-off realms has gone.

Each star, like a courtly knight of old,
 Bends low before her in blue and gold.

They fill their beakers with draughts of light,
 To pledge the health of their queen so bright.

"All hail to our queen and her jovial feast!"
 And, slyly glancing adown the east,

Each guest has pressed his cup to his lip,
 Eager the nectar so sweet to sip.

Right merrily pass the moments by,
 And mirth beams forth from each laughing eye.

Gayly they dance, and loud they sing,
 Laugh at the echoes that round them ring,—

Nor dream that, below, a mortal hears,
 And calls it the music of the spheres.

But slowly the midnight pleasure wanes,
 Till the sunrise steals across the plains;

And Lucifer comes, all wet with dew,
 To see if she to her lord is true.

Over her face she draws her veil,
 Lest its blushes should tell the tale.

The sun mounts up to his throne on high,
 And fills the world with light;
 The pale moon fades in the western sky,
 And follows the fleeing night.

T. C. P.

LETTER OF ADVICE TO A FRESH-
MAN.

[The following letter has been handed us by a Freshman, who, convinced of the valuable advice herein contained, desires his class-mates to profit by it. We cheerfully accord it space. — Eds.]

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am glad to hear that you were so successful in entering college. You did well in securing the services of tutor H. He is a wonderfully fine teacher; and, although he is

a member of the Faculty, this is no obstacle to his success in getting men into College. But now that you are fairly started on your college course, there will have to be a radical change in many of your preconceived notions and ideas. In fact, I suppose your instructors have already notified you of that, in some such words as these: "Gentlemen, you have come here from all parts of the land, from all sorts of schools, having learned all sorts of things. Now you will have to unlearn all this, and we shall teach you what is correct." This delivered by a young man three months, perhaps a year, out of College, was no doubt peculiarly edifying to your untutored mind. In the first place, you will have to get rid of your old idea in regard to the object of your coming to college. I have no doubt that were you asked to-day why you came to college, you would answer, "I came to improve my mind, and get knowledge." That is all humbug, my boy. You came to get general information, get marks, get honors,—get any thing but improvement of the mind and knowledge. And now let me give you some advice about getting marks, for in college every thing hangs on marks. There will be no need of my advising you to get a complete set of Bohn's works, for of course your instructors have already given you that advice. But by all means get a ponderous note-book and take down every word that your instructor says. If you are obliged to omit any thing, omit that which appears to be of the most importance and bearing on the subject; but, mind me, never omit any thing which appears trifling or insignificant, for these are the very things that will appear on the examination paper, and for the very reason that they are trifling and insignificant, and thus liable to escape notice,—the examination, you know, being a trial of shrewdness,—the instructor trying to trip up the student and the student trying to escape it. But should you be indisposed to as much labor as is involved in reading Bohn and taking notes, there is another more easy and on the whole more agreeable way of getting marks. Make the acquaintance of some of your learned instructors: you will find them very pleasant young men, and their society will be of the utmost importance to you. Be careful to go many

times to the theatre with them, and smoke many cigars with them: in this way you will get vast quantities of learning and be able to pass your examinations with distinction. Why, when I was in college, one of our fellows never opened his text-books at all! never studied an hour for the examinations, but got all his knowledge by this agreeable process, and passed his examinations with ease. And why shouldn't he? Theatres and cigars are admirably fitted to prepare one to give and receive knowledge. But, should it be your misfortune not to be thus situated, you will find it a good plan, just before examinations, to take a few private lessons of one of the instructors. You will sometimes find a wonderful coincidence between the questions on the examination paper and those you have previously learned; besides, the instructor will generally be present at your examination. His presence will be wonderfully comforting; and, should you forget any thing, a few minutes' conversation with him will immediately recall it. In this way you will have a great advantage over your friend Theophilus Grind, who prefers to plod along in the old-fashioned way. Remember, my dear boy, marks by hook or crook.

In regard to the course of reading to be pursued by you, I will only remark, that it is customary for every Freshman to begin with *The Mysteries of Paris*. If you can get into the good graces of the librarian, he will undoubtedly give you access to a closet of choice works which he now reserves for his own especial benefit and that of the instructors. It is necessary also that you should get some knowledge of the world. Accordingly, you must learn to discuss knowingly about the comparative merits of Ale and 'alf-and-'alf, Champagne and Sherry, &c. A few empty ale and champagne bottles hung up in your room will stamp you at once as a man of taste and discrimination in such matters. Of course you will go on the usual number of sprees, it being an observed fact that, during the first half of his Freshman year, a man is oftener drunk than during the rest of his natural life. It is well also to have the pictures of about fifty actresses in your room: this will prove, of course, that you are acquainted with them all, and if you have

one now and then marked something like this, "Pauline Markham, to her dear friend, Fitz Brown," the fellows will all think that she really gave it to you, and you will be esteemed a regular killer. But it is useless for me to advise you about these little things: you will pick them up readily enough. And now, my dear fellow, hoping that you will profit by this hastily considered advice, I remain very truly yours.

AN OLD BOY.

P. S. — By the way, don't forget to bestick the borders of your pictures with theatre-slips.

LIST OF OFFICERS

OF COLLEGE ORGANIZATIONS FOR THE PRESENT HALF-YEAR.

RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES.

ST. PAUL.

President	W. RICHMOND.
Vice-President	L. S. OSBORNE.
Secretary	R. KIDNER.
Treasurer	G. O. G. COALE.
Librarian	A. F. WASHBURN.

CHRISTIAN BROTHERN.

President	E. C. INGALLS.
Secretary	R. C. NEWTON.
Treasurer	A. J. HOPKINS.
Librarian	F. H. FOSTER.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

President	H. S. WHITE.
Secretary	E. H. SEARS.
	A. L. WARE.
Directors	{ F. H. LOMBARD.
	{ E. Q. S. OSGOOD.

EVERETT ATHENÆUM.

President	G. F. CANFIELD.
Vice-President	R. MONTAGUE.
Secretary	J. A. HODGE.
Treasurer	A. S. THAYER.

HARVARD NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.

President	Prof. J. P. COOKE.
Vice-Presidents	{ Prof. N. S. SHALER.
	{ H. G. HUBBARD.
Corresponding Secretary	Prof. J. T. TROWBRIDGE.
Recording Secretary	J. A. ESTABROOKS.
Treasurer	C. A. PITKIN.
Librarian	E. S. MILLS.

MUSICAL NOTICE.

THERE are still vacancies in the Glee Club to be filled. Voices to complete the first tenor and first base parts are especially desired. All those who wish to join the Society in either of the above capacities are invited to be present on Monday evening next, at the regular meeting.

HARVARD ADVOCATE.

*Published every alternate week of the College year by
the Students of*

HARVARD COLLEGE.

TERMS. — \$1.50 per volume of ten numbers in *advance*. Single copies 15 cents.

For sale at Richardson's College Bookstore, Harvard Square; at Loring's and at A. Williams & Co.'s, Boston; and at Hoadley's Yale Depot, New Haven.

Subscriptions may be paid at Richardson's, or by letter addressed to "Harvard Advocate, Cambridge, Mass." To this address literary communications also should be sent.

CONTENTS.

VOL. XIV., No. II. — OCTOBER 25, 1872.

	PAGE
Rustication	17
The College Regatta	18
The Ascent of the Matterhorn	19
The Midnight Revel	22
Letter of Advice to a Freshman	22
List of Officers of College Organizations	23
Musical Notice	23
A Summer Idyl	24
Professional Trainers for Rowing	24
Harvard vs. King Philip	26
Boylston Prizes	26
Answers to Correspondents	27
Dramatic	27
Song	27
Exchanges	27
Atoms	28

A SUMMER { IDYL,
IDLE,
IDOL.

THE village clock was striking six,
And I'd sat there since two.
I closed my book: I'd done that day
As much as I could do.
Of study I was fairly sick
(I had not "passed" in Rhetoric).

My boat was lying at the pier:
I took my line and rod,
And rowed a little way from shore,
To "try" for a few cod.
I went for perch, — the truth to tell, —
But "perch" and "rod" won't jingle well.

And, after I'd thrown in my line,
I sat expectant there;
And wondered if "conditioning"
Were always just and fair.
Were tutors, too, *et omne id*,
All fair and square in what they did?

But ere I'd settled quite the point,
Or felt a single bite,
A beauteous vision suddenly
Came full upon my sight.
A boat was coming from the shore,
A damsel fair was at the oar.

She wore no glove, — her dimpled arm
From wrist to elbow bare;
And from beneath her chip straw hat
Rolled down her golden hair.
I trust I err not when I state
That she was pulling *forty-eight*.

And then her "form!" — of course I mean
The "form" in which she rowed.
Recover, feather, steady swing,
All careful training showed.
These little points I full well knew:
I pulled once in *the* Second Crew!

Oh! could she but to Harvard come, —
I thought, — and wield an oar,
There'd then be such an "interest"
As never was before.
I would that she at stroke was placed,
And I behind her in the waist!

But on she came; and, as she passed,
I saw her face. I fain
Would paint to you its loveliness:
But I should try in vain.
Suffice it if I simply say
It haunts me yet by night and day.

And she was gone, for ever gone!
I gave one last, fond look, —
Then pulled my line: a "sculpin" foul
Had swallowed bait and hook!
I "interviewed" that vertebrate:
He never stole another bait.

And she — my vision? Well, I found
She was a Vassar Soph;
And that she'll be on hand next year,
When the great race comes off.
And, if she brings five others too,
I'll put my money on her crew. Biz.

PROFESSIONAL TRAINERS FOR
ROWING.

I SAW an article in one of the daily papers,
this summer, saying that this second successive
defeat of our college crew showed the necessity
of a professional trainer, and that without one
Harvard could never win another race.

If any thing at all can be shown by the various successes in rowing, in support of one theory or another, it is proved not by one or even two races, but by a long succession. There are too many other elements entering into the matter to leave an important question to the result only of two years. Let us, therefore, look at all the races. Harvard, the best example of a college which has never yet employed a trainer, having entered 13 races, has won 9, every time beating a crew under professional care, while she has lost but 4. Again let us look at the last two years. In 1871, she was second of three boats, and the third had been under the care of a professional.

In 1872, she was second of six; and, of the four who were behind her, two were under the care of very famous professionals, one of them from the crew which beat at the Paris Exposition, and the other from the present champions of the world.

Perhaps if the writer of the above mentioned article had looked a little more carefully into the facts, and found that Harvard has been defeated by only four crews under professionals, and has beaten twelve who were, his article might not have been written. However, I merely give these statistics to let them be better known, and leave it to others to give them what weight they may.

But, supposing that professionals were sure means of success, suppose that such men brought up to hard work and upon poor food, with digestions of iron and sinews of steel, were fit directors of our college crews, or could even be said to have any experience in the questions of proper work and food for younger men of entirely different habits, would it even then be desirable for us to employ them? What, pray, are the objects of rowing? Apart from physical development, are they not to teach young men to take care of themselves, and to master a science? They are not, surely, buying the science ready-made, and leaving the care of both soul and body in the hands of nurses by no means either very moral or tender.

If there is any benefit to young men derived from learning the points of any game of skill, and adding to those already known, until their

college, school, or what not has its stock of traditions, is this not all destroyed by hiring professionals, who disclose no more of their trade than is necessary, and in whose care is left all the brain work? Will there not be greater interest and spirit where the young men are carrying out their own science, than when they are the servants of hired professionals? *

But, if it were desirable, as in olden times, to have our boats pulled along by some friendly Triton, and thus to win the race, we might still refuse professional aid. For, to speak the plain truth, there is hardly a professional oarsman in this country who is a fit companion for college young men. Just as we, who are to represent a part of the educated class of our generation, are receiving our education, at an age when we are easily influenced and when we cannot be too particular in every point of honor, it is not, surely, best for us to put ourselves under the influence of men who, by their own confession, depend not a little upon the "tricks of their trade," and who are not particularly noted for either using very nice and moderate language, or for having any very elevated ideas. The consideration that the professional trainer must be obeyed or else discharged may perhaps influence some crews, as a body, to acquiesce in a course which, left to themselves, they would never think of following. Then, taking some of our present watermen as they stand, have we any assurance that they may not for some reason or other sell the race; and surely they have opportunities, if they wish to use them.

And, at best, does it not reduce itself to a question as to which trainer, and not which College, has the superiority? for the strongest muscle is good for little in a race if not properly trained and carefully taught.

There has been a great deal of complaint with regard to the betting connected with the races; and, as to that, it can be said that nothing would be more conducive to its increase, than that all the Colleges, who have not already, should now hire professional oarsmen, whose friends are pool-sellers, and who make their money largely from pretty much the same source.

And, to sum up, not only are the statistics of our college regattas unfavorable to the results of professional training in mere matter of success, but, if our American Colleges would refuse to resort to it, I think that many objections to our races would be thus removed, and that rowing would be on a higher basis.

I also take the opportunity to add here that, if this is done, our college authorities will feel themselves more justified in encouraging an occupation in which so many of the young men under their care will always join.

R. H. D.

HARVARD vs. KING PHILIP.

	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.	7th.	8th.	9th.	
Harvard	.	.	o	1	o	o	o	o	1	3 o—5
King Philip	.	o	o	o	o	o	o	2	4	o—6

	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.	7th.	8th.	9th.	10th.	
Harvard	.	.	o	4	3	o	o	o	o	3	o o—10
King Philip	2	o	o	2	1	o	o	2	3	3	3—13

IN regard to the above games, we would ask our fellow-students to consider one or two points before passing judgment; and to take the pains to see if there may not be some good reason for want of success before stigmatizing the endeavors of the Nine as "sick." As long as every thing goes well, as long as the Nine is victorious, as long as we keep the lead in the games with Yale,—the undergraduate mind maintains a calm approval, amounting almost to indifference, if one may judge by outward demonstration. But the instant the long series of victories over amateur clubs—which carries us back to the Harvard-Lowell games in 1867—is broken, the whole College, with a few exceptions, instead of sympathizing with the Nine in their defeat, seem to have nothing for them excepting slurs or "roughs," thus adding to the discomfiture already felt; as if defeat were a fault of which the Nine were deliberately guilty! No severe criticisms can be passed upon their two recent defeats. They were beaten fairly, and also without disgrace. Fellows should consider a few facts in regard to the two games. During

the whole of the past summer the King Philip club were at work and in practice; our Nine disbanded, and scattered all over the country. At the bat, they led in both games, and were quite up to their old standard; which may be accounted for by the fact that batting is a thing easily kept up in vacation. But they failed in fielding; they lacked that steadiness which is only acquired by practice together, and which our matches with Yale showed that the Nine possessed when in training. Again, both games were played short-handed, Eustis being absent in the first, and Goodwin and Annan in the last game. The King Philip ground is very rough and uneven, ending in a bog where the outfielders played, which must have been somewhat disconcerting—to say the least—to those accustomed to the dry and level expanse of Jarvis. Add to this a cold day, a partisan crowd, and empty stomachs (for some), and then draw your own inferences.

In the last game, some individual plays are worth mention: Denton, of the Scientific School, who took Annan's place at a few moment's notice, led the batting score; Kent, at first, made some very pretty "pick-ups;" while Sheahan, behind the bat, showed a degree of pluck quite remarkable.

BOYLSTON PRIZES.

THE annual Boylston prizes for declamation were competed for on Thursday evening, June 21st, with the following result:—

First Prizes.

E. F. FENOLLOSA, '74.

GEORGE RIDDLE, '74.

Second Prizes.

R. H. DANA, 3d, '74.

A. PICKERING, '74.

GEORGE WIGGLESWORTH, '74.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Præcox, '76. — Your fears about the H. P. C. are unfounded. The "Hasty" in the name refers to an old New England dish, and not to the tendencies of the members.

Eloquentia, '74. — The subscriptions for a testimonial offered by your class to their recent instructor in elocution are not to exceed \$500.

Συμπόσιον, '74. — Your sympathy with the absent members of the Senior Class is entirely wasted. They unite in regarding their present separation from college as mere child's play.

Horatius, '75. — Drawing an inference from antiquity, we greatly fear for the success of your friend H. G. in the coming election; as the work *Res Rusticæ*, or, *What I know about Farming*, failed to secure the consulship for Terentius Varro

J. B., '76. — You are right in hesitating to take Fielding's works from the College Library. The list of books taken out by you is rigorously inspected by the Faculty at the close of each term.

Ladies' Delight, '76. — You can recover the ashes of your *boutonnière* by applying at the box-office, Globe Theatre, before next Saturday night.

Decanus, '75. — The "Gr" which you observed at the Dean's office on the back of your petition is emblematic of the politics of the College. The Faculty await the decision of Nov. 5th, before completing the word.

F. N. — The rule for "Children under 12 years," &c., does not in this case extend to Freshmen. We would advise you in future to confine your ideas on economy to purchasing red tickets instead of white, on the U. R. R.

DRAMATIC.

THE BOSTON THEATRE.

Lester Wallack has delighted large audiences at this establishment during the past two weeks by his finished impersonation of *Eliot Grey* in "Rosedale." Mr. Wallack is, perhaps, with the single exception of Charles Mathews, the best delineator of light comedy parts in the country; and this play, from his own pen, we think, gives abundant scope for his abilities. Miss Effie Germon, well known to us for her clever acting of *Elfie* in a play by that name which was brought out here last season, gives us rather an uneven performance of *Rosa Leigh*; but in the love scenes with *Eliot Grey* she is simply perfection. Mrs. Booth makes a lady-like and handsome *Lady Florence*, while the rest of the company give fair support. "Rosedale" will be performed for the last time on Saturday afternoon;

and we would advise all our readers not to miss this opportunity of witnessing it. "Ours" is underlined for next week, and will be hailed with delight by all.

THE GLOBE THEATRE.

The patrons of the legitimate drama have crowded the Globe during the week to witness the masterly performance of *Peter Probity* by Mr. Couldock in the domestic drama of "The Chimney Corner," which part he renders with deep pathos and true to nature. The lovers of burlesque have revelled in the treat set before them by the fascinating Thompson Troupe in "Lurline." This Extravaganza is by far the best, performed by this troupe, which is saying a good deal; and Edouin fairly convulses the audience by his excellent dancing. The crowds which nightly leave the Square for this theatre attest the popularity of the performance.

THE BOSTON MUSEUM.

During this week, and until further notice, Mr. Field offers to the theatre-going public O'Keefe's celebrated comedy of "Wild Oats," which we have never seen better performed or more elegantly mounted. It gives an opportunity for the full strength of this admirable company, and the newly augmented resources of the stage. The play is preceded by the attractive comedietta entitled "I Dine with my Mother," in which Miss Annie Clarke sustains the leading rôle; hence it is needless to speak of its success.

EXCHANGES.

THE *Galaxy* for November has a decidedly lugubrious tone: *The Way of the World* being a story of a dead girl's feelings up to the time her lover becomes engaged a second time; while Junius Henri Browne discusses

the various modes of death, and Mr. Young has serious fears that the American race will become extinct. The personal characteristics of the Dutch are pleasantly described in Mr. Rhodes's article; and the paper upon Venice will be generally read with interest. The story of the great church reformation of the eleventh century is continued in a sketch of the life of Hildebrand. The statement of the relations of the great pope with the emperor is hardly accurate, however, and several facts which have an important bearing upon them are not mentioned. The short stories of the number are unusually good; and Mr. Reed has a very pretty poem, *The Twins*.

The *Atlantic* has an exhaustive paper upon the Primeval Ghost World, from the pen of Mr. Fiske. Mr. James finishes his story, *Guest's Confession*, happily. *A Dinner Party* relates the experience of a detective, and displays a power of analysis which reminds one of Poe. Mr. Stoddard writes an amusing description of the adventures of a penniless American in Tahiti. Dr. Holmes's papers have been already published in book form, and all interested at all in the slight thread of romance running through them have probably already satisfied their curiosity. The poems are by H. P. Spofford, Rose Terry, Celia Thaxter, and Louisa Bushnell; and, with the book reviews, art and musical criticism, fill up an unusually good number.

The *Chronicle* has an appeal to the Faculty to "cease trying to abolish old college customs to which the students are attached," and promises them popularity with the students as a reward for their good conduct. It wants a "fair and friendly rush or two" before settling down to steady college work.

Judging from the statements of the *Chronicle*, the life of Freshmen at Ann Arbor can hardly be worth a moment's purchase. Those who escape rotten eggs in the chapel get ducked at the shrine of Bacchus, wherever this may be.

The male students at Cornell complain because the ladies are not required to attend drill, and angrily demand perfect equality of sexes.

The *Era* has a distinguished list of contributors, it seems. The last number opens with a poem by Bayard Taylor; and Professor Corson has a six-column article on *Prose and Rime*.

The *Era* finds reason for congratulation in the continued decrease in numbers of the successive Freshman Classes.

The number of college papers which are engaged in political discussion is alarming. We notice the *Era*, the *Brunonian*, and the Yale *Lit.* enter the lists in prose, and the *Dartmouth* in poetry.

The great grievance at New Haven seems to be the police force. The *Record* spares a column of its space from the *Courant* quarrel to ventilate this abuse.

The only notice the *Lit.* takes of the appearance of the *Record* is to commend its diligence in collecting information about recent marriages.

The *Annalist* stands boldly forth as the guardian of student liberty against the tyrannical usurpations of Faculties. Listen to its clarion note and take courage, ye oppressed collegians: "But, while we censure in-subordination, we cannot embrace a high-handed measure toward taking away the right of petition. If this sacred and inalienable right be denied, may we not truly exclaim, 'O Justice, thou art fled to brute beasts, and men have lost their reason!'"

The *Courant* has taken the poets of the *Record* kindly in hand, and reads them some advice, of which the following is a good sample: "Every poet should curb himself when he finds himself, under the influence of his frenzy, about to leap the barriers of grammar and common sense." After this, we shall expect a marked improvement in Yale poetry.

ATOMS.

MOLECULE and Atom walked up to the reservoir the other evening to see the sun set, when the following conversation took place:—

Atom.—I say, M., I wonder why that little stone building where the pipes are is called the Gate House.

Molecule.—Why, don't you see? It's from the German. They call it a *gehtaus*, because the water *goes out* there.

SCENE IN "SCIENCE OF GOVERNMENT" RECITATION.

Prof.—What effect did the Proclamation of Emancipation have in increasing the number of electors in the Slave States?

Embryo Statesman, '74 (with hesitation).—I believe—eh—most of the—eh—negroes became—free. (Sensation among the abolitionists on the back seats.)

Prof.—That is sufficient, sir. Mr. X., can you tell me what political expedient was resorted to in the Massachusetts Convention to secure the adoption of the Constitution?

Mr. X. (promptly).—Yes, sir. The Convention was opened every morning with prayer.

(X. has since been unanimously elected a member of the Y X.)

HATTERS TO THE UNIVERSITY.

JACKSON & CO.,

HATTERS & FURRIERS,

ALBION BUILDING,

No. 59 Tremont Street, Boston,

HAVE ISSUED THEIR

Young Gents' Silk Hats ;

ALSO, SOLE AGENTS FOR

DUNLAP'S AND AMIDON'S
NEW YORK HAT.

Price \$9.00.

THE FINEST AND LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF IMPORTED

FOUVIN'S KID GLOVES,

CANES, NATURAL STICKS,
SILK UMBRELLAS, NOBBY SOFT HATS,
HAMMOCKS, HAT BRUSHES, &c.

N.B. — Particular attention paid to getting up

COLLEGE CAPS :

Our SILK GOSSAMER HAT made to order by
CONFORMATEUR.

JACKSON & CO.,

ALBION BUILDING,

59 Tremont Street, Boston.

J. A. JACKSON.
W. H. HOLLOWAY.

JOHN W. WHITON,

HOLYOKE HOUSE.

The largest variety of SMOKERS' LUXURIES to be found at any University store in the country.

The finest grades of IMPORTED CIGARS, in all styles; also, DOMESTIC GOODS of every description. CIGARETTES from all the principal factories in Havana, full weight and fine flavor. Also, Russia and Turkish, of all kinds.

The best CIGARETTE PAPERS imported.

MEERSCHAUM GOODS, carefully selected and warranted to color.

Special attention given to TOBACCOS for the pipe and for cigarettes.

Pipes mounted and repaired.

Brier, Clay, and Fancy Pipes; German and Turkish Stems; Russia Leather Cigar - Cases; Smokers' Sets; Tobacco Jars; Mantel Ornaments, &c., &c.

A large variety of GAMBIER BOWLS, just received direct from Paris.

☞ The choicest selections in every line, reasonable prices, and the privilege of exchange.

BOSTON

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC,

154 Tremont Street.

Instruction given in Singing, Piano, Organ, Cabinet Organ, Violin, Flute, etc.

☞ CLASSES LIMITED TO FOUR PUPILS ONLY. ☞

Evening Classes are opened in all the above-mentioned branches for the especial benefit of the Students of Harvard College.

Students forming themselves into classes of four can choose their own hours, either day or evening.

The large new Pipe Organ is now ready for the use of the Organ Classes.

Concerts, Lectures, classes for reading at sight, etc., are free to pupils.

Send for circulars, or apply for particulars to the Director,

JULIUS EICHBERG,
154 Tremont Street.

Harvard Hair-Dressing Salon,

Corner Holyoke and Harvard Streets.

T. S. McCOY.

Students accommodated with CLEAN TOWELS and CLEAN MUGS. Price 15 cents single shave. By the term or quarter, less.

JOHN G. CALROW, TAILOR,

85 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON,

Opens a full supply of

Rich and Elegant Goods, Stylish in every particular.

In commencing the ensuing season, we have made ample arrangements to fill all orders with promptness, and shall endeavor to merit a continuance of the patronage which has been so kindly bestowed upon us. Our prices will be found full 20 per cent less than any other first class house in the city. Quality of work and style equal to the best.

FULL DRESS SUITS, made of the finest French and German Cloths and Doeskin, *silk lined*, and Inner Vest included, for \$55, as good as can be sold for \$70 or \$80, anywhere else.

Gents who are desirous of saving a few dollars and get equally as good Goods, Trimming, Style, and Workmanship, will please call upon us. We also keep a choice and elegant assortment of

TIES, SCARFS, CRAVATS, GLOVES, COLLARS, and all the little Fancy Articles usually required to complete the toilet, styles which can be found nowhere else.

CHANGE IN BUSINESS.

ROBERT BACON & CO.,

Having, for nearly sixteen years, been engaged in the Men's Furnishing Goods business, including the manufacture of Shirts, Collars, &c., are now closing out their stock of

UNDERWEAR, HOSIERY, GLOVES, FANCY
SILK NECK-WEAR, &c.,

AT COST,

And will, in the future, make

A SPECIALTY

Of the manufacture and sale of

SHIRTS, COLLARS, & CUFFS,

ALSO

Black Neck-Wear in all Styles.

Particular attention given to the manufacture of the same to order.

ROBERT BACON & CO.,

45 WEST STREET, BOSTON.

CARL CHRISTIAN HEINTZEMANN,
TEACHER OF MUSIC & GERMAN,
No. 56 Brighton Street, Cambridge, Mass.

TERMS PER QUARTER (24 LESSONS).	
Organ	\$25.00
Piano-forte	20.00
Violin	18.00
Cornet	18.00
German	20.00

To Classes of two or more a liberal deduction will be made.

HOLYOKE GROCERY.

PERRY, TYLER, & CO., GROCERS,

AND DEALERS IN

PRESERVES,

PICKLES,

SARDINES,

POTTED MEATS,

CANNED FRUITS,

And every variety of eatables adapted to students' use.

Choice Ales, Cider, Porter, &c.

HOLYOKE HOUSE,

456 HARVARD STREET.

MR. WARREN,

PHOTOGRAPHER,

POST OFFICE BUILDING, CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.,

Offers to the

STUDENTS OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY

In all departments a *Reduction in Prices* for Photographs from the local rates, and as satisfactory results as can be procured in the country.

A. E. A. GODEFRIN,

TEACHER OF FRENCH,

58 STUDIO BUILDING,

Corner Tremont and Bromfield Streets, BOSTON.

References.—Prof. H. W. Longfellow; Prof. F. J. Child; Prof. E. W. Gurney; N. Silsbee, Esq., Treasurer of Harvard University; Chas. E. Norton, Esq.; C. C. Read, Esq.; A. G. Sedgwick, Esq., Cambridge.

CHAS. F. BELCHER,

CONFECTIONER,

HARVARD SQUARE.

Constantly on hand a large assortment of CAKES, ICE CREAM, also CANDIES, both French and home manufacture. *Club Suppers furnished to order.*

W. L. HAYDEN,

Teacher of

GUITAR, FLUTE, PIANO.

*Dealer in Musical Instruments of all kinds,
Music, Books, and Strings.*

Call or send for Circular. 120 Tremont Street, Boston.

JOHN FORD & SON,

PRINTERS,

OVER RICHARDSON'S BOOKSTORE, HARVARD SQUARE.

Special care taken with Printing for College Societies and Students.

CHAS. E. ELLIOT & CO.,
TAILORS,

Formerly of 25 School Street, having removed to new and commodious chambers at

No. 174 TREMONT STREET,

beg to call the attention of the Students of Harvard to

A Choice Line of Seasonable Goods,

and to their excellent facilities for making up the same. In their new quarters they have superior advantages, as regards light, for the inspection of fabrics, and in fit and style they guarantee satisfaction.

J. A. RUGGLI,
FASHIONABLE
BOOT & SHOE MAKER,

HARVARD ROW, CAMBRIDGE,

GENTLEMEN'S BOOTS AND SHOES FOR SALE.

All kinds of Repairing done.

LOUIS P. OBER,
French Hotel and Restaurant,
4 WINTER PLACE, BOSTON.

TABLE D'HÔTE. — Breakfast at 11 o'clock A.M.; Dinner from 1 till 4 P.M.

TABLE D'HÔTE, 6 P.M.

Meals served at all hours, Day and Evening.

Special attention paid to the accommodation of Parties and Clubs.

CHOICEST FRENCH WINES always for sale, at wholesale and retail, at lowest possible prices.

GEORGE H. ELLIOT,
Tobacco and Cigar Store,

No. 8 BRIGHTON STREET, CAMBRIDGE.

The attention of the Students of Cambridge is respectfully called to the superior stock of Smokers' Articles to be obtained in this establishment, among which will be found the finest quality of

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CIGARS
CIGARETTES, TOBACCOS,

MEERSCHAUM AND BRIER PIPES, PIPE STEMS,

And every article in the Smoker's line.

Two Billiard Tables are attached to the Establishment

CHAS. A. SMITH & CO.,
MERCHANT TAILORS,

18 AND 20 SCHOOL STREET,

BOSTON,

Respectfully invite the students of Harvard to examine their elegant stock of fine goods adapted to the season, mostly of their own importation, and selected with special reference to young men's tastes, and is believed to be the largest and most stylish assortment of goods ever exhibited by any house in our line in this country. We solicit an inspection of our stock, feeling certain that we can offer special inducements to the College trade.

CHARLES A. SMITH & CO.,

18 and 20 School Street, Boston.

GENTLEMEN having Old Garments can dispose of them to advantage by leaving their orders with

LEVY,

No. 20 Brattle Street (north side).

Clothes Cleaned and Repaired.

Mr. L. has a fine collection of English Engravings for which he will take clothing in exchange.

WHITNEY & WORCESTERS.

Furniture, Feathers, Carpeting,
LOOKING-GLASS PLATES, &c.

BRATTLE SQUARE. CAMBRIDGE.

AUGUSTUS A. WHITNEY. C. H. WORCESTER. F. WORCESTER.

B. H. RICHARDSON,
BOOKS, STATIONERY, NEWSPAPERS,
PERIODICALS, &c., &c.

Second-hand College Text-Books bought and sold.

NEW RESTAURANT.

The subscriber would announce that he has removed from his old stand in Harvard Square, to the spacious building in

BRATTLE SQUARE, ADJOINING BREWER'S BLOCK,

Where he intends to keep a FIRST CLASS RESTAURANT.

Meals at all hours of the day and evening, and at meal hours on Sunday.

N. H. MOORE.

To LET. — A fine Hall for clubs or societies.

JOHN H. HUBBARD, THE APOTHECARY.

HIS COLUMN.

THE funny men, one by one, have graduated and gone away. Who now shall write for J. H. H. his column, those jokes and pretty conceits which erewhile did so amuse the collegiate public and bring such custom to the shop? Ah, me! I much do fear that that pen, accustomed but to the writing of bills and mysterious prescriptive signs, must take up a new line. A serious matter demands attention. The following petition is submitted for signature and adoption, without charge:—

To the powers that be,—

We, the undersigned, would respectfully represent that the present method of punishment — suspension — for all offences against the laws and statutes of College has become altogether monotonous and inexpedient. We beg that some torture may be devised more in accordance with the ideas of the age in which we live; or, if it does not seem best to invent new methods, we would humbly suggest that very effective devices were used by the inquisitors of the sixteenth century. Plans and specifications of these machines could, no doubt, be obtained without great expense. To the experiment with these instruments we will willingly submit in preference to these separations from our Alma Mater, with their attendant disadvantages. These are: 1st. The bad tobacco we have to smoke in the remote towns to which we are sent. 2d. The liability which we are open to of injudiciously falling in love with the blooming maidens who infest those bucolic localities. 3d. The pernicious effect which this decimation of good fellows has upon the trade of our friend Hubbard, who, having made much preparation and purchase of desirable goods, needs now to sell them.

Signed, * * * * * And others.

Cigars of every grade, and at low prices, at retail or by the box.

The famous PERSAN and SADOWA CIGARETTE PAPERS, HONRADEZ, CABANAS, and RUSSIAN CIGARETTES.

Green Seal, Lone Jack, Durham, Turkish, and other Tobaccos.

A great variety of Lava and Bisque Match Holders and Tobacco Jars, Cigar Cases in Russet, Russia, and Seal Fur, Playing Cards and Counters (Syn. Chips).

A very fine selection of

Meerscham Pipes and Cigar Tubes

Of every conceivable style. An experience of over ten years in buying and selling this class of goods justifies me in saying that I know Meerscham. I import from Paris the celebrated

GAMBIER CLAY BOWLS,

And have now in store a large assortment of them. Finally, every thing usually sold in modern apothecary shops.

SODA WATER AND STAR ALWAYS.

Modesty stands a poor chance in this wicked world of trade.

To the President and "Fellows" of Harvard.
COLLEGE PHARMACY PROSPECTUS.
1872-73.

Every care that experience can suggest I use in the selection of my Drugs and Medicines.

Physicians' Prescriptions compounded under the supervision of a second competent person, thus insuring accuracy and preventing mistakes, OFTEN SO DEPLORABLE IN THEIR RESULTS.

This safeguard is in practice only at BARTLETT'S COLLEGE PHARMACY.

Here can be found the choicest and most *recherché* articles for Toilet use, consisting in part of Razors, Strops, Shaving Mugs, Soaps and Brushes, Bathing Sponges, Turkish Towels, Flesh Gloves and Brushes, Toilet Soaps, Perfumeries. Cologne, Lavender, and Verbena Waters, Hair Brushes and Combs, Hat and Clothes Brushes, Pungents, &c., &c.

Connoisseurs pronounce my SODA WATER *the best in the city*. Kissingen and Vichy Water on draught.

Call and try Caswell and Hazard's GINGER ALE, the beverage for this season of the year.

A full line of Imported Cigars and Cigarettes; also, Smoking Tobaccos in great variety.

The *élite* of the University patronize this Establishment.

H. S. BARTLETT, PROPRIETOR.
Holyoke House,

(Late with CASWELL, HAZARD, & Co., Fifth Avenue Hotel, N.Y.).

Braggadocio attracts but little notice from gentlemen.

FINE CUSTOM
TAILORING.

JAMES TOLMAN,

111 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON,

Invites attention to his stock of goods

FOR GENTLEMEN'S WEAR,

Comprising all the seasonable fabrics for Fall and Winter garments.

All garments are trimmed in a substantial manner, and made by the best workmen; and for

ELEGANCE OF STYLE

AND

EXCELLENCE OF WORK

Are guaranteed to be equal to those from any other Boston house.

Prices reasonable, and work promptly delivered.

THE NATION.

"The 'Nation' stands on the intellectual level of the best European periodicals." — *London Saturday Review*.

"I regard the 'Nation' as the best journal in America, and not only so, but better, on the whole, than any in England." — *Goldwin Smith*.

"Its articles have thought in them, and demand it of the reader." — *Prof. James Russell Lowell*

TERMS: \$5.00 per annum; \$3.75 for nine months.

M. H. SWETT, AGENT, 20 Thayer.

Cambridge: Press of John Wilson and Son.

Dec. 14

THE HARVARD ADVOCATE.

VOL. XIV.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., NOVEMBER 8, 1872.

No. III.

AN OLD STORY.

ON Thrasimene's disastrous day,
When on the hill-side stood at bay
A dauntless, faithful few,
Now cheering on the hosts below, —
Now hurling back the exultant foe, —
First of that valiant crew
An ancient warrior fearless rode,
On whose scarred cheeks and brow the load
Of fourscore winters hung.
His striding voice had swelled the shout
That o'er red Pyrrhus' gory rout
The victor's taunts had flung;
Gayly his manhood's sword had flashed,
When on the Punic squadron crashed
Dulilius' beaked prow.
And now his last field saw him pale
With grief and terror, when the gale
Swept the foul mist athwart the vale,
Charged with his comrades' dying wail,
No strength might rescue now.
Three gallant sons around him pressed, —
Marcus, beneath whose dancing crest
A snow-white scarf her care confessed
To whom his heart was given, —
And Lucius, who had won the prize
For valor 'neath the consul's eyes,
When from Ticinus' bloody ford
Numidia's wild and reinless horde
The knights had backward driven, —
And he, the old man's latest joy,
The dark-eyed, golden-tressed boy,
Sextus, whom threat nor prayer
Could hold when loved Flaminius' word,
The people's darling chief, he heard,
Triumph or death to share.
All three, their cheeks and eyes aflame,
Begged to avenge Rome's sullied name,
By plunging where the misty wreath
Beset their struggling friends beneath,
And win or perish there.
But sternly bade their sire to stay,
From the vain conflict move away,
Hiding the shame within their soul,
Till happier fields the outrage roll

Back on the faithless Punic foe,
That laid the stout Flaminius low.
Slow turns away the saddened train,
Obedient, at their father's rein;
When from the foemen's distant van,
Fast spurring on the aged man,
A Gallic horseman springs;
And, ere that war-worn arm can stay,
Falls the keen sword, and hews its way
Resistless through the rings
Of the tough mail, and through his side,
Bathed in the old vein's scanty tide.
Javelin and rein his nerveless hand
Drops, feebly clutching at his brand,
Then forward on his charger's mane
He sinks, fast sliding to the plain.
From his own steed hath Marcus sprung,
His arms about his sire he flung,
Tore from his helm the scarf of white,
The pledge of all his life's delight,
And round old Livius' wounded flank
Bound tightly, while the gore it drank,
Dyeing its folds a richer hue
Than love's gay tokens ever knew.
Then as he saw the old man's steed
Rush wildly up the ensanguined mead,
On his own horse his sire he laid,
And with meek steps and slow conveyed
To peaceful harbor, there to bide
Protector at the old knight's side,
Renouncing for that sacred life
All darling joys of love or strife.
But Lucius, when he saw the Gaul
Triumphant from his father's fall,
Snatch from his casque the civic crown
At Mylae won, of old renown,
And wheel to join his mocking host,
With one bold leap the pathway crossed,
One furious spear-thrust dealt;
And backward from his saddle hurled
In many a bound the savage whirled;
Scarce from his throat a murmur broke
For "mercy," ere the avenging stroke
Of Lucius' sword he felt.
Still hangs above the hearthstone old
His collar wrought in twisted gold,

Sole trophy Roman arms could glean
When Lucius fought at Thrasimene.

But where is Sextus? When the foe
His falchion for a second blow
Raised, thirsting for his father's blood,
At once to meet its edge he stood.
Full on his neck the death-stroke sped,
And faint and pale the lovely head

Falls, as when poppies bow
Their cups beneath a summer shower,
Or fades from life a purple flower

Lopped by the cruel plough.*
There, by the ruthless foeman's side,
Young Sextus lay, the old man's pride.
Say, ye who love the stories old
Of faith unstained and prowess bold

That fire the youthful breast,
Of these three sons, old Livius' shield
Through all the horrors of the field, —
Which loved his father best?

'59.

EDITORIAL.

THE past two weeks have been quite fruitful in college events here. The much-expected and much-talked-of torchlight demonstration has taken place, and our enthusiastic undergraduate element has covered itself with glory and kerosene. The Ehippic, Epizoötic, or whatever our brothers of the daily press prefer to denominate it, has developed the litherto dormant pedestrian powers of the students, and among our athletic fraternity the fastest time from Harvard Square to "Parker's" has become a question of much more interest than the coming races, or the condition of the parallel bars at the Gymnasium. In this connection, we owe it to the Union R. R. Co. to state that the dummy, which they so kindly placed at the disposal of the dramatic editor of the *Advocate*, in view of the great interest felt in Miss Thompson's benefit at the Globe last Saturday, took exactly 1 hr. 49 m. in reaching the summit of Dana Street, and was abandoned there, the editor walking the remainder of the way.

That large body of undergraduates who "use the weed" in various forms have been rendered happy by the abolition of the rule against smoking in the yard. This reform meets with almost

universal approval, and has been for some time necessary, both on account of the advanced ideas of college discipline, and the hopelessness of the attempts to enforce the rule with any equality. We hope, however, that the students will still regard the known wishes of the authorities, with regard to smoking in the entries or about the entrances of the public buildings and recitation-rooms.

But the great event of strictly collegiate interest since our last issue is the step which the Sophomores and Freshmen have taken in the reform of hazing abuses; and, as this is worthy of more attention than it has yet received, we shall attempt to give a brief view of the circumstances connected with it. Early in the term, as generally happens, several Sophomores, and we believe Freshmen too, were suspended for offences connected with "Bloody Monday's" rush. Soon petitions were started, and quite generally signed, pledging future abstinence from aggression on condition of the pardoning of such members of the two classes as were then suffering punishment. The Faculty, naturally as we think, declined even to consider such a bargain, unless the signatures were absolutely universal; but, considering that there was here a chance to make a great advance towards the total abolition of the abuse, made some suggestions which resulted in the following action by each class: The Sophomores have pledged themselves to abstain from all hazing, and to do everything in their power to discourage it in others. The Freshmen have made a similar pledge for their coming Sophomore year. It has been clearly explained to both classes, that the Faculty mean by "hazing" any treatment of Freshmen different from that of Juniors or Seniors. The signing of these pledges has been practically universal; and if undergraduates can be bound, as we are certain they can, by any pledges, hazing will disappear for two years at least. Whether the abolition of hazing for two years means its abolition for ever, or, in other words, whether the college world is yet ready for so radical a reform, is still a subject of grave doubt in our minds, as it must be in that of many others; but it is certainly a cheering sign that the chief objection we have heard raised

* Virg: Aen: 435-440.

against the present action of the Faculty is, that it has deprived the students of the opportunity of putting down hazing by their own action, and by public opinion among themselves. This objection can hardly be considered one. There is plenty for public opinion to do in seeing that the pledges are kept in spirit as well as in letter, and in so strengthening itself that it can absolutely prevent the resumption of the practice when the term of these pledges has expired.

The Faculty, in accepting these pledges and in taking back the suspended students, have made a great concession,—have even, in the opinion of some, made a confession of weakness in this regard; and the undergraduates owe it in return to assist them by every means in their power to bring this experiment to a successful result, even at the sacrifice of some personal prejudices. We speak thus strongly because we believe that every thinking man is coming to the opinion, that every thing which can be said in favor of hazing sinks into utter insignificance beside its despicable meanness and its childish silliness.

THE IDEAL STUDENT.

NOWADAYS writers of fiction profess no more than to give us good photographs of society's phases. The author of the "last new novel" means that his characters shall be the types and shadows of every-day men and women. We see in them our doctor, our minister, our friends Smith and Brown and Jones in their ordinary dress and actions, and we are delighted with the book in proportion as we recognize the likenesses, and pronounce them to be good. When therefore the artist levels his machine at our University, and proposes to give to the world views of college life and pictures of college students, it is fair to presume that the likenesses are to be photographic, and that it is actual students we shall find depicted in his book.

Yet, strange to say, though sometimes attempted, this feat has never yet been accomplished. To find even a respectable representation of college life, one must close his *Fair Harvard*,

turn away from the attempts even of those who ought to be best qualified to succeed, and open his *Tom Brown at Oxford*. The Tom Hughes of America is yet in the future.

What we do find in these multitudinous novels, magazine stories, and humorous poems which profess to represent students, is quite a different creature. Where he is to be met with in the flesh we know not; but there is such a strong family likeness in all these portraits, that we feel sure he must have at least once existed, in order to sit for his picture. The curtain usually rises on him in his own room, reclining in slippered indolence before a bright fire. Round his head curl clouds of graceful smoke. In his hand is a magnificent meerschaum. His broad shoulders sink cosily into the soft lining of his chair. His eye wanders idly from the open volume in his lap over the foils, gloves, horns, skins, guns, prize-caps, statuettes, pictures, which adorn the walls of his room. A knock at the door, and there enter a number of others, all similar to this *blasé* individual. With a great deal of "old fellow" and "by Jove" they resolve among them to "make a night of it." A drinking party is of course the natural beginning of the process. So they sit around the table and sing *Carmina Collegensia*, and drink. After a while some one suggests an exquisite joke, which will involve enormous destruction of property and intense annoyance to somebody. *Exeunt omnes* to play the joke. The joke and its consequences then follow, &c.

But as this sort of thing at length does get monotonous, the failing inspiration of the author usually saves itself by making the hero above mentioned fall in love. Then, having got him where the author knows his ground, the ill-fitting collegiate garb falls off and the hero appears simply as the "leading lover" of a modern society novel, in which part he is much more fitted to shine. And the above passes among many people for a picture of college life.

We must protest against the conception of student's life to which such works give rise. They may be very entertaining simply as stories. We do not doubt that the ordinary talk of students among themselves is not pretty enough

nor interesting enough to suit our novel-reading public in its natural state; but that it must be cooked and doctored, and spiced with slang and "By Jove!"

Again the ordinary routine of recitation and examination does, it must be said, grow monotonous, and the student of real life is in fact a tame uninteresting creature. Still Tom Hughes has shown the possibility of making an imaginative and entertaining book, and yet a truthful picture. Would that the genius could be found to do it for us.

He yet has never appeared, and the venerable humbug is still kept up, and continues to impose on the world, as a representative of students. Now he appears as a character in the last novel, now it is in a *Story of College Life*, now in the reporter's account of the boat-race and ball-match, and it must be confessed sometimes even in the student's own papers. If we have any regard for our reputation either now, or hereafter, we must take some measures to put an end to that imaginary Harvard man who figures in American literature.

THE TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION.

ON Wednesday evening of last week the Republicans of Boston and the vicinity made arrangements for a grand Torchlight Procession, which should be the final display of enthusiasm before the election. An opportunity for so much, and such, fun as was here offered could not be allowed to pass; and, although the students were not allowed to march as representatives of the College, by forming under the banner of the "Tanners," and expressly denying on their transparencies their connection with the College, they managed both to obey orders and enjoy the fun.

The march from Cambridge to Boston was exceedingly quiet, and without excitement. When the Common was reached, it was necessary to wait some time before commencing the march; and here various songs were indulged in, much to the delight of the outsiders who crowded eagerly around. At last the word to start was

given, and the collegians marched up Beacon Street, presenting, to say the least, a singular appearance. Old hats, beavers of the previous generation, *figured* prominently; and coats, which kerosene would not hurt, were seen on all sides; in some cases, even the inside. Each class marched behind a transparency of its own, bearing different allusions to the much-joked-about Horace. The Seniors carried on one side of their illumination the device: "Whoever says we are Harvard Seniors is a Liar and a Villain. H. G."; and on the other a well executed picture of "Greeley on the Home Stretch(er)." The Juniors denied, on one side, with equal emphasis, that they were connected with Harvard, and on the other had "A Race for the White House," in which H. G. was somewhat impeded by an obstacle in the shape of the Pennsylvania majority. The Sophomores showed the public what Greeley knew about Greek Roots, and the Freshmen had a picture of the poor man suffering from the Horse Epidemic. Instead of each class bearing its year upon the transparency, they took the four years of the next Presidential term and divided them among the classes, — the Seniors taking '73, the Juniors '74, and so on, — thus implicitly obeying the "powers that be."

At Arlington Street the movements of the Harvard Battalion were somewhat impeded by another portion of the procession separating the Seniors from the rest of the students; but this was soon rectified, and from then on, nothing interfered with the order of the march.

Columbus Avenue, which was soon reached, was finely illuminated; and here the cheering on the part of Harvard commenced with an earnestness which the length of the march could not diminish. The fair ones, who thronged the balconies and sidewalks along the route, were cheered again and again, and so carried away were they by patriotic enthusiasm that their handkerchiefs frequently waved graceful acknowledgments.

Chester Square afforded one of the prettiest scenes in the whole course of the procession, as the torch-bearers here countermarched, forming a double row of moving lights. The houses

were all brilliantly lighted, and in the ground in the centre of the street fireworks of various kinds were continually lighted, adding to the brilliancy of the scene. During a halt, a portion of the Harvard Battalion stopped in front of one of the young ladies' schools, and from the earnestness of the cheering which ensued one would have supposed it was the residence of one of the political candidates. The inmates also seemed to be as much fired with political zeal as the cheerers.

All in all, the Procession was a grand success, and nothing more could have been desired. The houses were finely illuminated all along the route, and the beauty of Boston cheered on the marchers with encouraging smiles.

As a preventive to being overcome by fatigue or the smell of burning oil, some of the students carried Cologne-bottles, the contents of which they freely inhaled, and which seemed to revive, as well as exhaust, their spirits, — more especially the "spirit of '76."

The Chief-Marshall deserves great credit for the thoroughness and completeness of the arrangements which he made; and to him is due, in great measure, the success of the Procession. The Chief-Marshals of each class also performed in a very satisfactory manner the duties devolving upon them.

Thus successfully passed an event which comes but once in our college course; and when four years have passed, and four new classes have taken the places of those now here, may they have as pleasant a time as Fortune allotted to us.

w.

PRAYERS.

THE present seems to us to be a peculiarly appropriate time for the resurrection of an old subject of discussion. At different times and in different Colleges this same question has often provoked the liveliest debate, and as often, after a war of words, has subsided without producing any change or reform. The public generally have occasionally taken alarm in reference to this question, and its decisions as to its merits have been as varied and contradictory as those of the communities to

whom the result is of more immediate consequence. We refer to the question of the abolition of prayers in College. The old-fashioned, double-headed, prayer system, or morning and evening prayers, has for some time been regarded as an unnecessary requirement, and accordingly evening prayers have been given up in almost every College of note in the country. When it is proposed, however, to push the same principle a little farther, and make attendance on divine worship entirely voluntary, the deep-rooted prejudices of many receive a shock too severe to permit them to endure in silence, and accordingly they pronounce the proposed reform ungodly and heathenish. Another class of persons hold, as the most serious objection to the change, the utility of the present system in arousing and preparing the College for a punctual attendance on recitations and other duties. In other words, they strip the service of its obligation as a religious duty, and cling to it only as the best means of achieving a most desirable end. In our own minds, we had long ago decided the question in reference to its claims as a religious service, but until lately, until by actual experience we had been convinced of the uselessness of the system, we had been quite unable to decide on the due weight to be given to arguments based on the utility of the system. We have said that the present seems to us a most favorable time for the renewal of the "prayer reform" movement, inasmuch as we have now the additional light of more than a month's experience of the college's conduct without morning prayers, and hence can estimate more satisfactorily the advantages or disadvantages of the desired change. In reference to the claims of morning prayers as a religious service we think almost all undergraduates are agreed. The compulsory attendance; the hour at which it takes place, with its consequent undevotional state of mind and body; the devices resorted to by a great number to escape the distasteful duty; the exactness with which all — even the most religious — zealously improve all the absences allowed them; the fact that a compulsory attendance on religious services tends rather to prejudice the mind against religious things than to recommend such considerations, so that four

years' compelled attendance on prayers may result in forty years' absence from all religious worship,—all these arguments against the present system, considered from a religious point of view, are allowed and accepted by nearly every undergraduate. The utility of prayers, as a means for general punctuality, has been entirely disproved by our experience of this year. For more than six weeks, on account of some necessary repairs to the Chapel, we have been spared the usual infliction of prayers. As far as we can learn, both from observation and inquiry, there have been no evil effects in the attendance on recitations held at the first hour. In fact, we can almost say that, if any change is noticeable, it is one for the better; inasmuch as the scant time allowed for dressing, before prayers were discontinued, often made it necessary to re-dress either before breakfast or after, in either case occupying more or less of the very short hour before the first recitation. Why, then, we ask, should we be inflicted with this most uncomfortable, unprofitable, and unnecessary exercise? Who wants it? Not the undergraduates surely; and we think we may be bold enough to say that but few of the Faculty, who are compelled to be present, are very zealous for this peculiar privilege of living in the college yard. Some may object that the religious sentiment of the public would be shocked by the abolition of so old and respectable a custom. Why were they not shocked at the abolition of evening prayers? at the reduction of compulsory attendance on Sundays from two services to one? at the sixty absences from prayers which are now allowed to each student? If there is any spiritual strength and good to be derived from attendance on prayers in the morning, why is not an equal amount of good to be derived from attendance on prayers in the evening? Why were they given up? We feel convinced that no one who knows how the present system really works would pretend to support it on merely moral grounds. The experience of this year is as strong a proof as is needed against the necessity of the system as a means of punctuality and regularity. Who is there that does not look forward with dread and dislike to the time when the Chapel shall

be finished and prayers resumed? Why, then, resume them? What better time than now for ridding College of a duty which is more uncomfortable and more useless than any other.

GETMAN.

June 73

AN EXPERIMENT.

WE are all of the opinion that Harvard is a grand place. Some think so with reasons: others barely catch the idea, and hold it not knowing why. This latter class the following may in some wise strengthen.

Last July the writer was led to test this matter, and to find out how Harvard compares with a college whose catalogue makes but slightly fewer pretensions than our own.

The college in question is on one of New England's most beautiful rivers, and thither I went last July, after a month's special grinding for the supposed ordeal.

On arriving, I heard that each student's annual average was to be published, and that all were invited. I went to see the thing done. There were present quite a number, both of citizens and Commencement visitors. At the appointed time, a very little man with a very large book came quietly in. The little man said a very long prayer, and the divinity students sang a long hymn. The little man then opened the big book, and pipingly read every man's name and year's record. It did not take long; for there were but 120. The announcements were to the effect that a certain man had passed in certain studies, and had *Exceptions* in others. These announcements were promiscuously applauded. Each student, placing his hands between his legs, snapped his fingers vigorously. The effect was almost tragic. Imagine our fellows saluting Alexis with sounds of snaps!

I handed a letter to the Pres. He was utterly surprised that I should ever have dreamed of entering Harvard. "Why," said he, "that college is only for the first families of Boston, and only a man from such a quarter can hope for notice at Harvard." These were his words, the truth of which I had not seen before, nor can I now discover.

Somewhat flurried by the idea of having to undergo a trial on the work of several years, I asked about the examination. I was assured they were to begin next day; and since the professors were entertaining many old friends, they would not be hard, also they would all take place in one morning!!

At 9 next morning there were about 20 candidates in the appointed room. There were three fat men in the room, in the middle, and at each end. Don't misunderstand. They were all fat in the middle; but I mean middle and ends of the room. The middle man asked where we were born, who were our parents, and what our ages. These proved the most difficult questions of the examination. We were then sent to end man No. 1, for examination in Greek and Latin Grammars and Ancient History. We were about to begin, but here a sensation occurred. The college had not been mixed, but had given notice that at the examination the mixture would take place; hence the sensation. Three females entered; one with her tutor, whose pupil had evidently become the "apple of his eye." We were informed we should have to wait till the ladies were examined. We waited. They were asked their ages, &c. One said she was twenty-five with unnecessary emphasis, for no one doubted it. Another was sixteen that month. The former eyed the latter with suspicion. One defined an adjective; a second said that Athens fell, B. C. 404; while the third astounded all by the information that Sophocles was a *Roman historian*! They then retired gloriously, and we again came to the front. Having said that there are nine parts of speech, I passed in Latin and Greek Grammars and Ancient History. End man No. 2 asked, "What ocean laves the United States on the East?" and, "Where are the straits of Bab-el-mandeb?" Here again I passed.

Next came Greek. The professors asked what I had read. The account of our Freshman Greek (B Section) astounded him. He retired to his private library, returned with six or eight books, and handed me a Plato. He asks me to open and read. I did; read first six lines, and passed. The man in mathematics sent a can-

didate to the board to do a problem in interest; asked me whether the result was correct or not. I also solved a plane triangle, and passed. Last was Latin. The professor looked greatly like Mr. Pell, — minus his green bag. He, too, was astounded by our Freshman Latin; and he, too, drew upon his private library. I read the last ode in the third book of Horace, and said that the fourth verse of a Sapphic stanza is an Adonic, whereupon I finally passed. This examination began at 9 A.M., and ended at 10.30. This narrative is one of facts, down to the minutiae. It proves how a farce may be advertised as a tragedy. The story has been told merely that the difference might be seen between the machinery of Harvard and this College. The reader may judge for himself which is the better; and, if he has been weak on this point, may now feel sure that Harvard deserves her fairest fame.

T. F. Taylor ^{T. F. T.} 75

BOATING NOTICE.

ALL persons desiring rests for boats at the boat house for the ensuing year are requested to call at Holworthy 17, on or before Nov. 22.

All dues on rests are payable in advance. No rests will be assigned for next year, to persons now occupying them, until their last year's dues have been paid.

All boats for which no such provision has been made, on or before Nov. 22, will be seized, and a tax of \$1.00 per month will be imposed for storage during the winter, until such provision be made; and if no action be taken by the owners before the opening of the spring season, they will be sold at auction.

Notice is also given, that hereafter the boat house will be kept locked. Keys can be obtained by members at Holworthy 13, on payment of fifty cents, which will be refunded at any time on the return of the keys.

☞ All members of the University may become members of the H. U. B. C. by paying \$3.00 to the Treasurer, and signing the Constitution.

HARVARD ADVOCATE.

Published every alternate week of the College year by the Students of

HARVARD COLLEGE.

TERMS. — \$1.50 per volume of ten numbers in *advance*. Single copies 15 cents.

For sale at Richardson's College Bookstore, Harvard Square; at Loring's and at A. Williams & Co.'s, Boston; and at Hoadley's Yale Depot, New Haven.

Subscriptions may be paid at Richardson's, or by letter addressed to "Harvard Advocate, Cambridge, Mass." To this address literary communications also should be sent.

CONTENTS.

VOL. XIV., No. III. — NOVEMBER 8, 1872.

	PAGE
An Old Story	33
Editorial	34
The Ideal Student	35
The Torchlight Procession	36
Prayers	37
An Experiment	38
Boating Notice	39
Land and Sea	40
Reputation	40
Exchanges	41
Book Notices	43
Dramatic	44
Atoms	44

LAND AND SEA.

On the wide expanse of ocean sinks the evening into night,
While the waves with restless motion shed a weirdly, gleaming light.
Deep and dark the shadow passes, with its gloomy shroud o'erhead;
Lower sweep the dense cloud-masses, by the unfelt whirlwind sped.
On a ship, that trusts his keeping, stands a youth of manly form,
Gazing at the billows leaping in their haste to greet the storm:
But his ear heeds not the meaning in that far off, hollow roar,
Nor his eye the ship careening 'neath the blast that hurries o'er.
'Mid the gloom, that all around him spreads its mantle far and wide,
Memory with her chains has bound him; and before his vision glide
Pictures of the height, just leeward, of the quiet little town,

Where the winds are blowing seaward, with its cottage quaint and brown.

By the door that, old and oaken, keeps its lookout on the bay,

Round the shutters once unbroken ivies in the breezes play.

Here the waves that, sunlit, glisten on the rippling, rolling sea,

Once in ears that loved to listen sang their low, dull melody;

And, as sails of every nation down the dim horizon passed,

She would watch them, from her station, until shadows veiled the last.

But to-night the cliffs are moaning, beaten by the rising surge;

And beneath, the caverns, groaning, chant a weary, changeless dirge.

Deep within the quiet forest, far from sound of mocking mirth,

Where the woodman's hut is loneliest, lies upraised a mound of earth.

'Mid the wild vines o'er it creeping, crickets chirp their evening mass;

Summer zephyrs to the sleeping whisper softly as they pass.

And when winter strips the tree-top, left unsheltered to the storm,

Then the gentle showers of leaves drop, nestling round it close and warm.

Startled from his bitter poring o'er these pages of the past,

He awakes, to hear the growling of the thunder overhead,

And amidst the tempest's howling sinks to join the ocean's dead.

On the morn, the sun shines brightly, Nature sparkles in her glee;

And the winds sweep by as lightly in their course across the sea. M. S.

REPUTATION.

CHARLEMAGNE has always been considered a man of superhuman strength. The idea arose from, and was confirmed by, the unusual size of his arm-bone, preserved as a relic at Aix-La-Chapelle. It was for many centuries the object of wonder and admiration, until a celebrated anatomist destroyed the illusion by pronouncing the same to be the "tibia" or shin-bone. His reputation for strength was lost, and we may wisely quote Horace:—

"Quem virum aut heroa lyra vel acri
Tibia sumis celebrare, Clio?"

A man's arm in college often brings him glory, while in after-life it is only a rather useful appendage to his person, and in most cases not worth half as much as his head.

Popularity in college is not always a promise for the future, and the man denominated a "scrub" does not inevitably pass the rest of his existence with a mop and a scrubbing-brush. The man who distinguishes himself writing for the *Advocate* does not necessarily shake the world with his pen, nor the class-orator become a Burke.

College life is a sort of play in four acts. The first discloses the hero in the bud, timidly growing. In the second, he blooms and tries to come out as full as possible, so that if he is not careful he will be plucked. If not, in the third act we see the fruit of his past experience, while in the fourth he drops the seeds to start again with another season.

There are few places where reputation stands on so precarious a foundation as at Harvard, — few places where it dances more gracefully to opinion. I heard it remarked last week that a fellow's popularity rested to a considerable extent on the part or no part he might take in the political demonstration of Wednesday night. I should judge there were few who suffered on that score.

It usually happens that where reputation is most easily gained, there it is most easily lost: the truth of which is so deeply impressed upon the minds of some of us, that we do not sleep quite soundly thinking of it. The positive and the superlative, acted upon by parallel but opposite forces, rotate with most astonishing rapidity, and render one doubtful whether he is up or down in the opinions of masters or students. Heroes and hero-worship are in vogue with us, as with collegians the world over.

The worship is the same everywhere; the hero varies according to locality. In England he is the nobleman, in Germany the swordsman, and here the boating or the ball man.

Scholarship is generally held in awful reverence. People could dance in the worship of Apollo and Mars, but Jupiter must be approached with respect and solemnity.

D. W. R.

EXCHANGES.

THE *Old and New* for November is more distinctly theological than it has been for some time, *God in Humanity*, *The Gesta Romanorum*, *Ephesus of the Church History*, taking up a good deal of space in the number. As a rule, we enjoy the healthy, catholic theology which characterizes its articles of this description; but we are being forced into the conviction that Mr. Martineau is imposing upon himself a task far beyond his powers in attempting to deal with such a subject as *God in Humanity*. His papers have been growing almost steadily weaker since the first two or three. Instead of clear statement and careful conciseness, he offers confused speculation, and a verbose diffuseness which is peculiarly annoying and perplexing when applied to metaphysical questions. The first number of *Pythonia*, by Mrs. Greenough, promises very well. The continued stories and articles are up to their usual standard, the *Examiner* being particularly well worth reading for its notices of recent publications. In the editorial, the editor works himself into a quite unnecessary fury on the question of magazines discussing political matters; and makes for himself an opportunity for a savage denunciation of "absenteeism," with which we cordially assent, while regarding it as rather uncalled for.

The November *Lippincott's* is one of the most readable numbers which we have seen of this magazine. It opens with an illustrated article upon the manufacture of paper from straw. The somewhat elaborate processes are described in an entertaining way, and the cuts assist materially in sustaining the interest. *Torpedoes* is written by a Southerner, who takes little pains to disguise his sympathies with the Lost Cause. His article will nevertheless obtain universal attention, as an intelligent description of one of the novel features of the late war. *Sketches of Southern Life* we think in every way a model magazine article. It will serve to enlighten the minds of very many as to the true position which the Creole element occupied in Southern society before the war. The prevalent ideas of Northern people upon the subject have been rather hazy, and our writer has a comparatively new field. His style deserves especial mention for its easy grace. Charles Dawson Shanly discourses pleasantly of circuses, fat women, snake charmers, &c., in his characteristic style, so well known to magazine readers. *In the Dark* is a story which exhibits considerable constructive ability, and which leaves one after all quite in the dark at the end.

The *Collegian*, of Kentucky University, is the result of the combined exertions of the five literary societies of that institution. These societies rejoice in such ponderous titles as the "Christomathean" and the "Cecropian;" and the character of their productions well

Nov 75

supports their claim to these resonant polysyllabics. One of their contributors makes the bloodthirsty statement that he has for some months been contemplating the preparation "of a series of articles on Modern Rationalism, and on its most prominent collateral and consequential developments." But, fortunately for his readers, he has been "compelled to forego the pleasure (?) of this investigation;" and merely collects a few well-worn quotations from prominent Rationalists, and "challenges the world to gainsay the logic of any conclusion, or to show the inadequacy of the premises to warrant the deduction," that Christ is divine. We do not raise the theological question at all; but we see no logic, no premises, and cannot therefore consider the world called on to notice any "deduction."

These controversialists also write poetry. For instance, *My Beau Ideal*, beginning —

"My lady is lovely, my angel is good:

For this have I worshipped, for that have I wooed
The beautiful being who came from above,
And blighted my path with the lustre of love."

Why *blighted*? We suppose he looks on this proceeding of hers in the light, well expressed by a profane, though popular, ditty, of *It's naughty, — but it's nice*.

He goes on to tell how —

"With grace sports she limbs like the fleet-footed fawn,
Which springs o'er the hills at the shadow of dawn;
While her bearing is stately, and saintly the sheen
That gambols in glory o'er a face so serene."

"Limbs" is, we suppose, poetry for legs. We have heard admirers of the ballet tell, in their expressive slang, of a *première* who "sporting a pretty limb;" but we did not expect to see this expression creeping into serious poetry among "angels" and "saintly sheen." Our poet's knowledge of this part of his ideal's anatomy is so accurate that we are tempted to think that the "stately bearing," in the third line, must be a misprint for stately *baring*, — a delicate reference to her graceful manner of displaying these fawn-like appendages. We must seriously doubt that a "saintly sheen" ever "gambolled in glory" over any one's face. We fear the "fawn" simile took too strong a hold of our poet's imagination; and, if it ever does so gambol in Kentucky, we strongly question the serenity of any face subjected to such antics. Farther on, we learn more about her pedal extremities; namely, that "the tread of her feet" is "as light as a swan's." The swan, floating on the water, is a highly graceful and poetical bird; but any one who has observed the "tread of his feet," as he waddles about on land, will agree with us that a more uncomplimentary simile could hardly have been chosen. Her crowning glory, however, is a gymnastic feat which would cause the

famous "India-Rubber Woman" to turn green with envy: the offering, on her heart as an altar, from which "the incense of prayer" is rising "in soul-stirring lays," of *her own body*, as a fit sacrifice.

We do not think, from this picture, she is exactly our ideal; but she certainly must be a very remarkable woman.

The *University Herald* of Syracuse, N.Y., sustains well the promise of its first two numbers. Its serious articles are something more than merely serious; they are dignified and considerate in tone, bright and well considered in expression, and show a freedom from prejudice, a desire for the clear statement of truth, of which any publication may be proud. We do not remember to have seen anywhere for a long time an editorial, the tone, style, and opinions of which were more admirable, or worthy of consideration, than those of that of the present number. The local items and general college news are interesting and amusing, without the puerilities which usually mar these departments of college papers. In closing a temperate and kindly answer to some strictures of ours about its facts with regard to the age of various college papers, it says, "Let us have peace;" in response to which we cordially "clasp hands," thankful that there is no "bloody chasm" between us and one who might prove so formidable an antagonist.

The war of the sexes deepens at Cornell. The *Era* raves, with increased virulence in each successive number, against the favoritism shown the ladies by the tutors and professors; and against the cringing obsequiousness displayed by the students, which it declares is an insult to their womanhood. It even declares the objective point of woman's education is to fit them to marry, bear children, and rule the house. It is a pity the girls have no organ, as we are now unable to learn what *their* opinion of the lords of creation at Ithaca is. We humbly thank the Board of Overseers for saving us from such a contest.

The "scientific and rational spirit of the age" moves in a mysterious way its wonders to fulfil. At Yale it is expected, according to the *Courant*, to do away with compulsory chapel, the marking system, and all attendant evils.

A curious controversy is raging at Yale as to whether or not the *Courant* has humbled itself so far as to beg pardon for some of its recent personalities. Meantime, it professes to set forth its opinions in a becomingly humble spirit.

The Western Faculties are certainly a godless set. An Iowa professor "flunked" recently in the Lord's Prayer.

Cannot the *Era* do more for its readers than copy from *Appleton* by the column?

BOOK NOTICES.

OUR readers are doubtless surprised that more space and more care are not devoted to this column; but the Review Editor must be allowed to explain a little before his condemnation is pronounced. How can we be expected to devote time and valuable space to careful examinations of the merits and interest of *Dotty Dimple's Pet Pussy*, or *How Dirty Tim made a Fortune*? Whenever we receive books which, in any regard, present claims to the attention of men of intelligence and culture, we endeavor to do them full justice; but publishers, as a rule, seeming to regard Harvard College as a combination of country town Academy and Infants' Kindergarten, send us books, notices of which waste our time in the writing, and our readers' in the perusal.

THE CHILD, ITS NATURE AND RELATIONS. An Elucidation of Froebel's Principles of Education. By M. H. KREIGE. From the German of Baroness Warenholtz-Bülow. New York: E. Steiger. 1872.

This imposing title adorns the first page of a thin, well-printed octavo before us. A careful perusal of it suggests the question, If this be an elucidation, what must the original principles be? According to the headings of the chapters, the arrangement of the matter is consistent and sensible; but, on reading the book, it appears that there is no reason why the headings of Chapters I., II., and III. should not be interchanged in any way; and this faulty arrangement extends down to the sentences, and almost to the words, and hence the grammar, of the work. With regard to the matter itself we are much disappointed. The book is full of old truisms in new and tawdry finery, metaphysical speculations of the mildest and most superficial character, and laws stated with much flourish of trumpets as discoveries of the immortal Froebel, which, if we may believe our *Πολιτεία*, were old to Plato. The insistence on the necessities of fresh air, exercise, loose clothing, &c., may be found in any dime treatise on Gymnastics, as well as the reflections on the unhealthiness of "rich food," sweets, and close bedrooms. Some of the "finger-plays" seem pretty, ingenious, and well adapted for their purpose as far as they go; but the "Cossetting Songs" seem to us peculiarly unfortunate. The ideas they are intended to convey are sometimes unnecessarily forced out of place to the injury of melody and sense, and sometimes obscured in an equally useless manner by clumsy attempts to preserve the metre.

In short, we lay down the book with the strong conviction either that Froebel is a much over-estimated man, or that he has suffered cruelly at the hands of his elucidator.

DER KINDERGARTEN IN AMERIKA. Gratis ausgegeben von E. Steiger in New York.

A small, neat pamphlet, which contains a brief synopsis of Froebel's methods of education as applied in the Kindergartens of Germany. The condensation is well managed; and any one who reads easy German will find no difficulty in forming an idea of the Froebel plan of education, and its general differences from the present methods, if not a clear conception of the underlying theories, about which we are almost inclined to think Herr Froebel is a trifle hazy himself.

STORIES AND POEMS. By CAROLINE GILMAN and CAROLINE HOWARD JERVEY. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1872.

This is a collection of short stories and poems, well printed on tolerable paper, and illustrated by the most execrable wood-cuts we have seen for some time. We suppose Messrs. Lee & Shepard know what books will sell; but we are at a loss to understand what could have induced them to launch such a collection of vapidities as this. The poetry is a good deal worse than the prose. The general tone is one of sickly "goody"ness; and the most common rules of metre, and even grammar, are sacrificed to a style which seems to grow more stilted as the subject grows simpler, and the audience addressed younger. We have been totally unable to discover the faintest gleam of originality, freshness, or poetic instinct in any of the fifty-odd poems which occupy the first part of this volume. We have said that the poetry was a good deal worse than the prose; but this is more owing to the fact that poor poetry is worse than poor prose than to any merit of the prose itself. The stories are supposed to be adapted for children up to the age of fifteen or sixteen, but are written in a style the stiffness of which is something indescribable. The whole range of childish character is included, by these discriminating authors, under the two "goody"-book classes,—the good child and the bad child. The bad child tears his clothes, dirties his hands, tells lies, and is eventually hung; while the good child sits by his mother all day, sings little hymns, makes moral observations in language which Dr. Johnson would not have ventured on, and becomes finally either a member of Congress or an angel,—in our authors' opinion, apparently, very much the same sort of thing.

ON last Sunday evening, Rev. Dr. Peabody, with a sermon of great beauty and eloquence, opened the course of sermons in the Old Cambridge Baptist Church. Rev. Phillips Brooks will deliver the second in the series on next Sabbath Evening. Seats are reserved for the students, for whose benefit the course is designed.

DRAMATIC.

Miss Cushman, at the Boston Theatre, has been playing to appreciative audiences, notwithstanding the strong attractions elsewhere. Her impersonation of *Lady Macbeth*—to our mind the most wonderful of her many wonderful characters—deserves a much more careful treatment than we can give. The struggle between strong womanly instincts and absorbing ambition, the depths of remorse after the great deed of blood has been accomplished, the convulsive clinging with wild love to her unhappy partner,—all the strange force of this terrible character is brought out and emphasized by this great artist's wonderful delineation. Mr. J. B. Booth's *Macbeth* surprised us by its force and impressiveness, although his rendering suffered from his long absence from the stage, and several annoying mannerisms. Mr. Aldrich is both noisy and weak as *Macduff*; and, in truth, we hardly expected more. The remaining parts were sustained with that even mediocrity which is all that can be expected from the Boston Theatre Company.

At the Globe, Mr. Sothern has been even more favored than Miss Cushman in regard to audience. We have seldom seen an audience of such size and quality as that which greeted his first appearance, last Monday.

Mr. Sothern's conception and expression of the character of *Lord Dundreary* needs no new words of praise from us, and offers no points for adverse criticism; but we must say a few words in commendation of the support he at present is receiving from the Globe Company. Mr. Raymond's *Asa*, Mr. Couldock's *Abel Murcott*, and Mrs. Barry's *Florence Trenchard*, are all of them pieces of acting good enough and strong enough to make a reputation for several ordinary "stars." There is hardly a weak spot in one of the minor characters, and the whole performance makes up an intellectual and humorous feast "worthy of the gods."

At the Museum, "Wild Oats" finishes this week a very successful, and deservedly successful, run, and in connection with some "Screaming Farce" makes a most enjoyable entertainment.

THE Pierian Sodality, finding that they could ill spare Mr. Maurice Richardson from his accustomed place, have secured the valuable services of Mr. W. T. Barker, of the Senior Class, as Director. For like reasons the Glee Club have selected Mr. Foote, of '74, as leader, in the place of Mr. Szemelenyi.

It will be of interest to undergraduates to hear that Mr. William Everett will preach next Sunday at the Rev. Dr. Ellis's Church, on Berkeley Street, Boston.

ATOMS.

MOLECULE observes that the prevalence of the *hoarse* disease was never so wide spread as on the morning after the torchlight procession.

A BUDDING Physicist of '74 complains that the natural order of things is reversed in the present method of studying Physics. Instead of commencing with the foundation of the subject, their professor begins with the Top!

ATOM snatches a moment from the slaughter of wild fowl on the South Shore, to telegraph his admirers that they must bear the present affliction of the equine animal *cum æquo animo*.

SCENE: SENIOR PHILOSOPHY RECITATION.

Professor. — But is the heat in the fire?

Senior (dodging). — Heat is rather indefinite.

Prof. (forcing). — Is the fire hot, or are you?

Sen. — I am.

Prof. — Then the heat is in yourself?

Sen. — Oh, yes.

Prof. (triumphant). — Well, now, is the green in the grass?

Sen. (innocently). — No, sir; it is in yourself.

Prof. (after a pause). — Hem. We do stumble on a witticism sometimes.

WE are happy to state that the Sophomore, who attempted to explain his halting rendering of a passage of Thucydides by the statement that the Epizoötic had affected his Bohn's Translation, was indignantly expelled from the room by his outraged classmates.

FINE NOTE PAPER

AND ENVELOPES.

CRESTS AND MONOGRAMS DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED.

VISITING AND RECEPTION CARDS.

BALL PROGRAMMES,
DINNER CARDS,
PLAYING CARDS,
CRIBBAGE BOXES.

BEZIQUE BOXES AND CARDS.

 Stereoscopic Views received by every Steamer.

Writing Cases, Ink-Stands, Wallets, Card Cases,
Photograph Albums.

J. E. TILTON & CO.,
161 Washington St., Boston.

CHAS. A. SMITH & CO.,
MERCHANT TAILORS,

18 AND 20 SCHOOL STREET,
BOSTON,

Respectfully invite the students of Harvard to examine their elegant stock of fine goods adapted to the season, mostly of their own importation, and selected with special reference to young men's tastes, and is believed to be the largest and most stylish assortment of goods ever exhibited by any house in our line in this country. We solicit an inspection of our stock, feeling certain that we can offer special inducements to the College trade.

CHARLES A. SMITH & CO.,
18 and 20 School Street, Boston.

GENTLEMEN having Old Garments can dispose of them to advantage by leaving their orders with

LEVY,

No. 20 Brattle Street (north side).

Clothes Cleaned and Repaired.


Mr. L. has a fine collection of English Engravings for which he will take clothing in exchange.

WHITNEY & WORCESTERS.
Furniture, Feathers, Carpeting,
LOOKING-GLASS PLATES, &c.

BRATTLE SQUARE, CAMBRIDGE.

AUGUSTUS A. WHITNEY. C. H. WORCESTER. F. WORCESTER.


B. H. RICHARDSON,
BOOKS, STATIONERY, NEWSPAPERS,
PERIODICALS, &c., &c.

 *Second-hand College Text-Books bought and sold.*

NEW RESTAURANT.

The subscriber would announce that he has removed from his old stand in Harvard Square, to the spacious building in

BRATTLE SQUARE, ADJOINING BREWER'S BLOCK,
Where he intends to keep a **FIRST CLASS RESTAURANT.**
Meals at all hours of the day and evening, and at meal hours on Sunday. **N. H. MOORE.**

 To **LET.** — A fine Hall for clubs or societies.

JOHN W. WHITON,

HOLYOKE HOUSE.

The largest variety of **SMOKERS' LUXURIES** to be found at any University store in the country.

The finest grades of **IMPORTED CIGARS**, in all styles; also, **DOMESTIC GOODS** of every description. **CIGARETTES** from all the principal factories in Havana, full weight and fine flavor. Also, Russia and Turkish, of all kinds.

The best **CIGARETTE PAPERS** imported.


MEERSCHAUM GOODS, carefully selected and warranted to color.

Special attention given to **TOBACCOS** for the pipe and for cigarettes.

Pipes mounted and repaired.

Brier, Clay, and Fancy Pipes; German and Turkish Stems; Russia Leather Cigar-Cases; Smokers' Sets; Tobacco Jars; Mantel Ornaments, &c., &c.

A large variety of **GAMBIER BOWLS**, just received direct from Paris.



 The choicest selections in every line, reasonable prices, and the privilege of exchange.

BOSTON

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC,

154 Tremont Street.

Instruction given in Singing, Piano, Organ, Cabinet Organ, Violin, Flute, etc.

 **CLASSES LIMITED TO FOUR PUPILS ONLY.** 

Evening Classes are opened in all the above-mentioned branches for the especial benefit of the Students of Harvard College.

Students forming themselves into classes of four can choose their own hours, either day or evening.

The large new Pipe Organ is now ready for the use of the Organ Classes.

Concerts, Lectures, classes for reading at sight, etc., are free to pupils.

Send for circulars, or apply for particulars to the Director,

JULIUS EICHBERG,
154 Tremont Street.

Harvard Hair-Dressing Saloon,

Corner Holyoke and Harvard Streets.

T. S. McCOY.

Students accommodated with **CLEAN TOWELS** and **CLEAN MUGS.** Price 15 cents single shave. By the term or quarter, less.

JOHN G. CALROW, TAILOR,

85 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON,

Opens a full supply of

Rich and Elegant Goods, Stylish in every particular.

In commencing the ensuing season, we have made ample arrangements to fill all orders with promptness, and shall endeavor to merit a continuance of the patronage which has been so kindly bestowed upon us. Our prices will be found full 20 per cent less than any other first class house in the city. Quality of work and style equal to the best.

FULL DRESS SUITS, made of the finest French and German Cloths and Doeskin, *silk lined*, and Inner Vest included, for \$55, as good as can be sold for \$70 or \$80, anywhere else.

Gents who are desirous of saving a few dollars and get equally as good Goods, Trimming, Style, and Workmanship, will please call upon us. We also keep a choice and elegant assortment of

TIES, SCARFS, CRAVATS, GLOVES, COLLARS, and all the little Fancy Articles usually required to complete the toilet, styles which can be found nowhere else.

FINE CUSTOM TAILORING.

JAMES TOLMAN,

111 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON,

Invites attention to his stock of goods

FOR GENTLEMEN'S WEAR,

Comprising all the seasonable fabrics for Fall and Winter garments.

All garments are trimmed in a substantial manner, and made by the best workmen; and for

ELEGANCE OF STYLE

AND

EXCELLENCE OF WORK

Are guaranteed to be equal to those from any other Boston house.

Prices reasonable, and work promptly delivered.

CARL CHRISTIAN HEINTZEMANN,
TEACHER OF MUSIC & GERMAN,

No. 56 Brighton Street, Cambridge, Mass.

TERMS PER QUARTER (24 LESSONS).

Organ	\$25.00
Piano-forte	20.00
Vio.in	15.00
Coronet	18.00
German	20.00

To Classes of two or more a liberal deduction will be made.

HOLYOKE GROCERY.

PERRY, TYLER, & Co., GROCERS,

AND DEALERS IN

PRESERVES,

PICKLES,

SARDINES,

POTTED MEATS,

CANNED FRUITS,

And every variety of eatables adapted to students' use.

Choice Ales, Cider, Porter, &c.

HOLYOKE HOUSE,

456 HARVARD STREET.

MR. WARREN, PHOTOGRAPHER,

POST OFFICE BUILDING, CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.,

Offers to the

STUDENTS OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY

In all departments a *Reduction in Prices* for Photographs from the local rates, and as satisfactory results as can be procured in the country.

A. E. A. GODEFRIN, TEACHER OF FRENCH,

58 STUDIO BUILDING,

Corner Tremont and Bromfield Streets, BOSTON.

References.—Prof. H. W. Longfellow; Prof. F. J. Child; Prof. E. W. Gurney; N. Silsbee, Esq., Treasurer of Harvard University; Chas. E. Norton, Esq.; C. C. Read, Esq.; A. G. Sedgwick, Esq., Cambridge.

CHAS. F. BELCHER, CONFECTIONER,

HARVARD SQUARE.

Constantly on hand a large assortment of CAKES, ICE CREAM, also CANDIES, both French and home manufacture. *Club Suppers furnished to order.*

W. L. HAYDEN,

Teacher of

GUITAR, FLUTE, PIANO.

*Dealer in Musical Instruments of all kinds,
Music, Books, and Strings.*

Call or send for Circular. 120 Tremont Street, Boston.

JOHN FORD & SON,

PRINTERS,

OVER RICHARDSON'S BOOKSTORE, HARVARD SQUARE.

Special care taken with Printing for College Societies and Students.

GEORGE H. ELLIOT,
Tobacco and Cigar Store,

No. 8 BRIGHTON STREET, CAMBRIDGE.

The attention of the Students of Cambridge is respectfully called to the superior stock of Smokers' Articles to be obtained in this establishment, among which will be found the finest quality of

FOREIGN & DOMESTIC CIGARS,

CIGARETTES, TOBACCOS,

MEERSCHAUM AND BRIER PIPES, PIPE STEMS,

And every article in the Smoker's line.

☞ Two Billiard Tables are attached to the Establishment

LOUIS P. OBER,
French Hotel and Restaurant,
4 WINTER PLACE, BOSTON.

TABLE D'HÔTE. — Breakfast at 11 o'clock A.M.; Dinner from 1 till 4 P.M.

TABLE D'HÔTE, 6 P.M.

Meals served at all hours, Day and Evening.

Special attention paid to the accommodation of Parties and Clubs.

CHOICEST FRENCH WINES always for sale, at wholesale and retail, at lowest possible prices.

JOHN G. CALROW,
TAILOR,

85 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON,

Opens a full supply of

Rich and Elegant Goods, Stylish in every particular.

In commencing the ensuing season, we have made ample arrangements to fill all orders with promptness, and shall endeavor to merit a continuance of the patronage which has been so kindly bestowed upon us. Our prices will be found full 20 per cent less than any other first class house in the city. Quality of work and style equal to the best.

FULL DRESS SUITS, made of the finest French and German Cloths and Doeskin, *silk lined*, and Inner Vest included, for \$55, as good as can be sold for \$70 or \$80, anywhere else.

Gents who are desirous of saving a few dollars and get equally as good Goods, Trimming, Style, and Workmanship, will please call upon us. We also keep a choice and elegant assortment of

TIES, SCARFS, CRAVATS, GLOVES, COLLARS, and all the little Fancy Articles usually required to complete the toilet, styles which can be found nowhere else.

To the President and "Fellows" of Harvard.
COLLEGE PHARMACY PROSPECTUS.
1872-73.

Every care that experience can suggest I use in the selection of my Drugs and Medicines.

Physicians' Prescriptions compounded under the supervision of a second competent person, thus insuring accuracy and preventing mistakes, OFTEN SO DEPLORABLE IN THEIR RESULTS.

☞ *This safeguard is in practice only at BARTLETT'S COLLEGE PHARMACY.*

Here can be found the choicest and most *recherche* articles for Toilet use, consisting in part of Razors, Strops, Shaving Mugs, Soaps and Brushes, Bathing Sponges, Turkish Towels, Flesh Gloves and Brushes, Toilet Soaps, Perfumeries, Cologne, Lavender, and Verbena Waters, Hair Brushes and Combs, Hat and Clothes Brushes, Pungents, &c., &c.

Connoisseurs pronounce my SODA WATER *the best in the city*. Kissingen and Vichy Water on draught.

Call and try Caswell and Hazard's GINGER ALE, the beverage for this season of the year.

A full line of Imported Cigars and Cigarettes; also, Smoking Tobaccos in great variety.

The *élite* of the University patronize this Establishment.

H. S. BARTLETT, PROPRIETOR.
Holyoke House,

(Late with CASWELL, HAZARD, & Co., Fifth Avenue Hotel, N.Y.).

☞ Braggadocio attracts but little notice from gentlemen.

FINE CUSTOM
TAILORING.
JAMES TOLMAN,

111 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON,

Invites attention to his stock of goods

FOR GENTLEMEN'S WEAR,

Comprising all the seasonable fabrics for Fall and Winter garments.

All garments are trimmed in a substantial manner, and made by the best workmen; and for

ELEGANCE OF STYLE

AND

EXCELLENCE OF WORK

Are guaranteed to be equal to those from any other Boston house.

Prices reasonable, and work promptly delivered.

GEORGE THEODORE DIPPOLD,

Instructor in German

AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY, is prepared to give private lessons in German. Communications may be addressed through the Cambridge Post office.

References. — Prof. Fred. H. Hedge; Prof. Ferd. Böcher.

J. H. HUBBARD & CO.,

Apothecaries,

HARVARD SQUARE, approximately opposite the southwestern gateway of the quadrangle, ferninst Matthews (it is well to be exact, — Cambridge is becoming a sizable town).

Continue to sell mighty good Cigars and Tobacco.

With old age and much wealth cometh laziness and dislike of literary composition; so if any one say that this column is built up of old ones, he may be more than half right.

We have got a particularly neat line of Genuine Meerschaum Pipes and Cigar Tubes, and we mean business when we talk about selling them. They are not all in the show-case, — oh, no! if they were, where would we put the Russia Leather Cigar Cases and Pocket Books, the Cutlery, and Toothpicks, and Playing Cards, and Combs, and Brushes?

The public improvers of Cambridge want the old trees cut down, that the grass which they are trying to grow in the streets may not be shaded.

When you want a new Professor of Mathematics get a dentist. He will be great on the extraction of roots.

Hot Soda and Cold Soda and various Medicinal Waters, always.

Betting on boat races is an exciting amusement; but poker is a more moral game. Besides, you stand a more even chance with your money.

The adjacent metropolis is called Boston for the reason that the historical cows originally marked out the streets of it. Something like Rome in that respect, only in that case they had old Romulus to drive team, and so the streets were straighter. It is an interesting fact that in those streets are found different *strata* at this day.

For Chapped Hands, get Wiley's Glycerine Lotion.

For the Voice, Idaho Gum Crystals.

For your bill at Hubbard's, a receipt in full.

You cannot compute the extreme squall of a given cat from outside measurements. It is only to be obtained by stepping on her tail.

But "*Hæc jam satis.*" It is said that Maffitt is a really consecutive and proper man outside of the How-ar; and we trust and believe that, when our friends call upon us in the way of business, they will find us, so to speak, the chief among ten thousand and altogether lovely; with quantities of fine goods to sell, all the way from a fiddle string to a basket of cham.; with our loins girded and our spatulas polished ready to exercise our Pharmaceutical art with dexterity and bodily fear; and our nonsense only where the public has grown to expect it, — IN THE ADVOCATE.

To the President and "Fellows" of Harvard.
COLLEGE PHARMACY PROSPECTUS.
 1872-73.

Every care that experience can suggest I use in the selection of my Drugs and Medicines.

Physicians' Prescriptions compounded under the supervision of a second competent person, thus insuring accuracy and preventing mistakes, OFTEN SO DEPLORABLE IN THEIR RESULTS.

This safeguard is in practice only at BARTLETT'S COLLEGE PHARMACY.

Here can be found the choicest and most *recherche* articles for Toilet use, consisting in part of Razors, Strops, Shaving Mugs, Soaps and Brushes, Bathing Sponges, Turkish Towels, Flesh Gloves and Brushes, Toilet Soaps, Perfumeries, Cologne, Lavender, and Verbena Waters, Hair Brushes and Combs, Hat and Clothes Brushes, Pungents, &c., &c.

Connoisseurs pronounce my SODA WATER *the best in the city*. Kissingen and Vichy Water on draught.

Call and try Caswell and Hazard's GINGER ALE, the beverage for this season of the year.

A full line of Imported Cigars and Cigarettes; also, Smoking Tobaccos in great variety.

The *élite* of the University patronize this Establishment.

H. S. BARTLETT, PROPRIETOR,
Holyoke House,

(Late with CASWELL, HAZARD, & CO., Fifth Avenue Hotel, N.Y.).

Braggadocio attracts but little notice from gentlemen.

CHANGE IN BUSINESS.

ROBERT BACON & CO.,

Having, for nearly sixteen years, been engaged in the Men's Furnishing Goods business, including the manufacture of Shirts, Collars, &c., are now closing out their stock of

UNDERWEAR, HOSIERY, GLOVES, FANCY SILK NECK-WEAR, &c.,

AT COST,

And will, in the future, make

A SPECIALTY

Of the manufacture and sale of

SHIRTS, COLLARS, & CUFFS,

ALSO

Black Neck-Wear in all Styles.

Particular attention given to the manufacture of the same to order.

ROBERT BACON & CO.,

45 WEST STREET, BOSTON.

GEORGE THEODORE DIPPOLD,

Instructor in German

AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY, is prepared to give private lessons in German. Communications may be addressed through the Cambridge Post office.

References. — Prof. Fred. H. Hedge; Prof. Ferd. Böcher.

Cambridge: Press of John Wilson and Son.



